
T H E

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1777.

Essays Moral and Literary. 8vo. 4s. Dilly.

Among the many frivolous publications, which pester the age, we are sometimes happy in meeting with an exception, that revives our drooping spirits and reconciles us to the horrid fatigue, of poring over the numerous pages of sterility and dullness, which our profession, as Reviewers, obliges us to peruse. Of these exceptions, to the general rules of modern puerility and stupidity, the Essays before us afford an entertaining and interesting instance.—They are introduced by the following short, but pertinent, preface.

“An unknown writer who sends his lucubrations into the world, and solicits public favour, is exactly in the condition of a new man aspiring to honours among the antient Romans. They who have established their fame, are jealous of an intruder; they who are competitors, are angry at a rival; and the unconcerned spectators will seldom withdraw their eyes from the contemplation of allowed merit, to examine the pretensions of doubtful excellence.

“To enlarge the sphere of knowledge, and to strike out into new paths of learning, is the lot of few. The world is now so old, the same scene has been so frequently displayed, and the researches of industry have penetrated so deeply into every object, that it is become almost impossible to produce new discoveries, to represent unobserved

appearances, and to throw fresh light on science and philosophy *. To publish without improving, it may be said, is to multiply the labours of learning without enlarging its use, and is like increasing the weight without adding to the value of the coin.

"Yet under these discouragements, and at this late period, a writer may without presumption hope to select the scattered flowers of larger plantations, intersperse a few of his own culture, and place them together so as to add to their odour, and give fresh lustre to their variegated colours. The attempt at least is laudable; and to fail in a praiseworthy undertaking, is not, in the eye of reason, disgraceful.

The following Essays are the fruits of literary leisure spent in philosophical retirement. The author disclaims the motives of vanity and avarice in their publication. The truth is, he thinks it unjustifiable diffidence to keep them in useless obscurity, if there is but a chance or possibility that they may contribute to the elegant amusement, or to the benefit of others. If the admirer of moral and classical beauty shall adopt one new idea, or correct one error, from the perusal of the subsequent pages, it will be an ample recompense to their author to reflect, that he has contributed his mite in promoting the cause of virtue and learning."

The subject of the first Essay is *Sentiment*: in which the writer justly condemns the fashionable affectation of sentimental delicacy, so well treated of by Miss More, in her Essays lately published: a long quotation from which on this subject is inserted in our last Review. We shall, therefore, pass on to the present writer's second tract; which treats of a subject equally novel affected and modest,

"Of the affectation of the Graces.—It has been remarked by an author of some humour, that at certain periods there is an epidemical madness which rages through a whole kingdom. In time of war, ideal victories and defeats alternately elevate and depress the spirits of the nation. In peace, the apprehension of war, the report of the plague, the fear of popery and the pretender, the dread of a mad-dog, or of a comet, alternately fill every countenance with gloom, every heart with terror, and every tongue with lamentation and complaint.

"The madness which prevails at present, is not indeed of the melancholy kind, but it is outrageous and universal. It owes its rise to a posthumous publication of Lord Chesterfield, which is generally read and admired. The Graces are there recommended in so forcible a manner, that every unlicked cub who can make out the meaning, is induced to affect all the finical airs of a fine gentleman. Clowns, pedants, jockeys, country squires, and fox hunters, put off the stern

* Our Author should have confined this remark to *moral* Philosophy, or the science of human life and manners. Experience almost daily shews us that in the knowledge of nature in general, we are as yet ignorant of the very rudiments. *Rev.*

virtue of their ancestors, and begin to rival each other in imitating the mincing step, and lisping voice, of a French dancing-master.

"As this affectation of the Graces is a new disorder, I shall take the liberty, with submission to the College of Physicians, to give it a new name, and call it the CHARITOMANIA. The following is an essay on the cause, symptoms, and cure, of this alarming disease; which, I hope, will obtain at least equal attention with the medical cases which are so often presented to the public by each self-important modern Hippocrates.

"A young man, apprentice to a mercer in the city of London, caught the Charitomania, by reading in a magazine a few letters of Lord Chesterfield concerning the art of pleasing. Before this accident he was known to have spoken in a manly voice, and to have dressed with a decent plainness. But now he constantly wears his head powdered and perfumed, and his coat cut in the extreme of the fashion, speaks with a soft womanish accent, affects gallantry with his female customers, particularly married women, and assumes all the grimaces, attitudes, and airs, which form the complete *petit maitre*. Upon considering his case, I prescribed a grain of common sense to be used in reflecting, that a behaviour, which might become an Envoy Extraordinary at the court of Dresden, was ridiculous behind a counter in Cheapside.

"A young divine was so terribly infected with the contagion, that from being perfectly plain in his external parts, on a sudden his fingers were covered with carbuncles, his hair changed colour, and smelt strongly, his legs turned to a dead white, the exterior covering of his head was contracted to a nut-shell, and his whole appearance so wonderfully metamorphosed, that he neither knew nor was known by any of his former acquaintance. The disorder was attended with an usual symptom, an invincible Pauperophobia, which made him day and night seek the company of the rich and great, and fly from a poor christian brother as from a plague. In the pulpit, he was unable to turn his eyes upwards, but felt an irresistible inclination to ogle the female part of his congregation. I recommended to him, but I fear without effect, a little cool meditation every night when he went to bed, to be spent in ruminating, whether or not the beauty of holiness would not be a more becoming grace, than any of those inculcated by a graceless lordling.

"The two famous universities of this land are over-run with the infection. It is attended with a BIBLIOPHOBIA, which not only prevents the diseased persons from attending to the porter-like language of Homer's gods, but compels them to convert their libraries into dressing-rooms, to be consulting the looking-glass when they should be consulting the lexicon, and learning the art of pleasing some pretty married woman, when they should be reading the art of logic with their tutors. I have given a hint to all the patients who have come from those places to consult me, to consider that the Graces seldom chuse to remain after the Muses are entirely dismissed.

St 4

"A certain

"A certain honest tradesman, who had followed the vocation of a tallow-chandler from the age of fourteen to forty, being on a sudden enriched by a large legacy from a distant relation, who had not vouchsafed to know him while alive, was immediately seized with a most violent Charitomania. His body no longer emitted the odiferous effluvia of tallow, but sent forth smells of perfume, which had never happened to him before in his life. The covering of his head, which was before a creditable periwig with a double row of curls behind, suddenly dropt off, and was succeeded by a boyish head of hair with a tail thicker and longer than the thickest and longest of his candles. He was soon over-run with a tribe of vermin called dancing masters, French masters, and perruquiers. His disorder was attended with a loss of memory, and he entirely forgot all his acquaintance who used to meet at the porter-club once a week. Instead of these, whom he no longer knew, he sought the company of wits and beaux in the fashionable coffee-houses at the west end of the town. But what is remarkable in his case is, that though the symptoms were so violent and alarming, yet instead of being received with condolence and sympathy, he was every where treated with contempt and laughter. After frequent prescriptions, which failed on account of the inveteracy of the disease, I gave him up as incurable.

"Were I to enumerate all the cases of this disorder, which have fallen under my notice, I verily believe my work would consist of many volumes, folio. I shall therefore rest satisfied with having given such a short history of this terrible pestilence, as may tend in some measure to elucidate its cause, nature, and effects; and I shall, with a public spirit unknown to my brother quacks, communicate the following invaluable nostrum, which, taken in time, is a sovereign remedy. "Let the patient administer to himself a small dose consisting of a few grains of common sense, and a scruple of modesty, which will not fail to purge away all tumours arising from vanity"—or if the patient has not courage enough to be his own physician, let his friends apply a blister to the morbid part, made up of caustic ridicule."

From this specimen the critical reader will discern that our Essayist appears to have taken the writings of Steele and Addison for his model. These little tracts, indeed, seem to have been calculated for the mode of publication, under which the Spectators and Tatlers first appeared in the world: and we doubt not, if they had so made their appearance, they would have met with a like favourable reception.

Essay the third treats of the complaints peculiar to men of learning.

"Some have asserted, that happiness, however various in kind, is alike in degree thorough all the human species. In consequence of this opinion, the complaints of the student are thought to be no better founded than those of the mechanic. Mankind are indeed, it is allowed more frequently reminded of the evils of the poet and the

man of science, than of the misfortunes of the merchant and the manufacturer. It is not, however, thought to be the superior number or weight of the calamities of the former which brings them to the ears of the public, but their practice of committing all their thoughts and actions to writing. The tradesman has a fever, or loses a part of his family, or his fortune; he sheds a tear in secret, and the world sees not his affliction: while a Quintilian, as if the events were uncommon, transmits the loss of a wife and child to *eternity* *. A malefactor is banished to some distant shore, and no more is heard of him; but an Ovid, exiled for a criminal amour, endeavours to excite the tear of pity in the most distant ages.

"Notwithstanding the plausibility of these remarks, an impartial observer will be obliged to confess, that if the evils of men of letters be not greater than those of others, yet the sense of them is commonly more acute. The same delicacy of feeling which renders them particularly susceptible of intellectual beauty, makes them feel more sensibly the common distresses of human life.

Men of letters are, for the most part, in a state of intense thought; while they, who are engaged in less refined pursuits, are frequently, (however some may doubt the total inactivity of the mind) in a state of mental insensibility; and if happiness is only in the mind, every little accident must destroy his tranquillity who is ever in meditation.

The pleasures of men of literature, are those which arise from the contemplation of greatness, novelty, and beauty; pleasures of the purest and most exalted nature. Perhaps, no state is more truly happy than that of a man of genius, at the time he is closely engaged in surveying either of these three sources of imaginative enjoyment; but the very purity and excellence of these pleasures, are ultimately the occasion of misery to their votaries. Our present condition will not permit mere mental gratifications to engross our whole care and attention; and when the mind reverts from its ideal bliss to the occupations which its union with a body necessarily enjoins, the transition from supreme delight to insipidity and vexation, becomes the occasion of a degree of misery proportionate to the degree of lost happiness.

"Genius has always perfection for its object; but perfection is not to be found in human affairs. Genius is, therefore, disgusted with the impossibility of obtaining that which is constantly in its view. This it suffers in the recesses of study: but upon entrance into the transactions and employments of busy life, the perfection which it aims at, is much more rarely visible. Objects, which to the common mind are pleasing or indifferent, appear to the mind of genius deformed and disgusting; because they fall short of that image of perfection, formed in the fancy, to which, as a standard, every thing is usually referred and compared. Thus acuteness of discernment serves to discover concealed blemishes, as the microscope sees a spot where the naked eye beheld nothing but beauty.

* *Posterity* would certainly have been a better word. *Rev.*

* The

"The man of study is generally engaged in serious employments. He lives (*σπουδαίως*, as the Greeks call it) constantly attentive to some end. The rest of the world devote the greatest share of their time to ease, merriment, and diversion. The man of study is drawn sometimes from his closet, in compliance with custom, or solicited by importunity, to partake of the ordinary amusements of common life. He goes with reluctance and timidity, for he cannot shine in company, and he looks upon every avocation as an obstacle to the accomplishment of his chief end and wishes; and he returns with chagrin, because in the hour of convivial gaiety or of festal levity, he has found his merits pass unnoticed, and his authority treated with neglect.

"The several causes which have been thus far assigned for the querulous disposition of literary men, cannot reflect on them any disgrace; but there are other causes equally probable, and more dishonourable.

"They who are constantly endeavouring to add to their attainments, mean at the same time to increase their value and acquire reputation. Every step of progressive advancement fills the breast of the proficient with a higher opinion of his own merit, and confirms his consciousness of self-dignity. But the world is not privy to every new acquisition which the student makes in his closet. He therefore increases his exactions of respect, before his companions are sensible of an increase of merit. To claim respect, and not to have the claim allowed, is peculiarly mortifying to a votary of literary fame. From pride, therefore, the cultivator of the sciences derives no small part of his uneasiness.

"Every end that is worth pursuit, has a great number of pursuers. Competitors naturally look upon each other as enemies, mutually-opposing their several wishes. This jealousy is no where to be found more frequent, or more violent, than among the pursuers of literary honours. The student is therefore envious; and *than envy**, as the latinist remarks, no Sicilian tyrant ever invented a greater torture.

"Whether these are the *true causes* of the complaints and wretchedness of the learned, is not very material †. Certain it is, that they who are furnished with the means of the greatest happiness, are frequently the most miserable. One inference of extensive utility may be drawn from these reflections: They to whom the fire of genius and the fruits of learning are denied, may congratulate themselves that if they want the advantages of genius and learning, they are also free from their inconveniencies, and that their inconveniencies commonly exceed their advantages."

* An awkward transposition of words, too common with this ingenious writer; notwithstanding his language is in general easy and his periods harmonious. *Rev.*

† This short sentence is also awkwardly put together. It would have been better if the *last* part had been *first*, beginning with the impersonal. A nominative case, made up of fourteen words in a sentence, consisting only of eighteen, is by no means elegant. *Rev.*

Satisfied as we are with our Essayist's illustration of his subject; we can by no means subscribe to the conclusion, which he draws from it. It is, to be sure, an excellent piece of consolation for the dunces: but, if the dunces have really the advantage, what need have they for consolation? The author of *Epistles to Lorenzo* draws a different conclusion from a similar comparison. After expatiating on the negative advantages of ignorance, he apostrophizes thus:

Blest ignorance! of cares so free!
Hath it, Lorenzo, charms for thee?
Wouldst thou to science, empty name
If void of bliss, resign thy claim?
Be like the ass, that plodding goes,
Scarce looking o'er his bridled nose?
For me, much rather would I ask
Life's most laborious, abject task;
Would ev'n the meanest lot sustain,
Bear ev'ry tolerable pain;
To quacks, when sick, would trust my cure;
Nay, to be pitied, might endure;—
Oppress me Heav'n with every woe,
Ere rob me of the bliss, to know;
Of genius ere my soul deprive,
My little share, whilst yet alive!

The truth is, that neither happiness nor misery are dependent on mental abilities or qualifications; providence having so constituted the world and its enjoyments, that in every state, the pains and pleasures of life compensate each other. Our Essayist, indeed, in his reflections on patience, says,

"That Misery is more general than happiness, has been long perceived even by those who have only taken a superficial view of human life. But although the evils which openly appear, which lour on the brow, and melt in the eye, are numerous; yet is the melancholy catalogue, which none but the sufferer reads, written in his own heart, infinitely more crowded with wretchedness and woe."

We do, indeed, agree with this writer that they "who have only taken a *superficial view* of human life, may have perceived (or rather conceived) that misery is more general than happiness." But we deny that they, who have taken a more penetrating and profound view of it, have perceived any such thing. Nay, we doubt whether this writer himself hath not taken up this notion on trust, from the lamentable lucubrations

brations of moody moralists, without having honestly appealed to experience and asked himself fairly and ingenuously the question. For our own part, we do appeal to experience, and deny the proposition: conceiving that there is just as much happiness in the world as misery, and no more; neither the learned having an iota, nor the ignorant a jot, of advantage in this particular.

Essay the fourth treats of Eloquence, or rather of a subordinate modern species of it, and that in a manner as singular as the subject. For the entertainment of our readers, therefore, we shall make a longer extract from it, than our limits would otherwise admit.

“Eloquence, perhaps, is not to be found either in the senate or the forum of Britain. There is, indeed, a very great degree of merit in many of the harangues spoken in those places, but they come not up to the idea of Grecian or Roman eloquence. The defect is not owing to a want of ability, but to a voluntary compliance with the taste and genius of the nation. In the pulpit, perhaps, we may find some vestiges of ancient oratory; but waving at present the enquiry whether we resemble the ancients in this point, I shall proceed to transcribe a few observations on pulpit eloquence in general, which I collected not long ago by accident.

“One evening last autumn, as I was walking in the fields to catch a mouthful of fresh air, I observed a man, somewhat advanced in years, and of a composed aspect, sauntering in the same path with myself, seemingly in profound meditation. For a considerable time neither of us chose to commence a conversation; till at length, when a tacit familiarity between us had removed the reserve of strangeness, the old man opened with the usual introductory topic, the serenity of the evening. For my own part, I never refuse to join in one of the most reasonable, as well as most agreeable pleasures of human life. By degrees, the serenity of my companion’s countenance brightened up as the conversation grew warm, and he told me he had just been hearing an excellent sermon at an evening lecture, and, as was his usual way, had taken this little turn in the fields to meditate on serious subjects without interruption. I must own I was rather startled at hearing this, apprehending I had fallen into the company of some methodistical enthusiast, who would endeavour to make me a proselyte; but upon farther conversation, I found myself agreeably mistaken. The old man made some reflections, which, as they struck me at the time, I entered among my minutes as soon as I returned home.

“You must know, Sir” said he, “that I am an old fashioned man. I go to church on Wednesdays and Fridays, according to my good old grandmother’s directions, who (well I remember it) used always to appoint me the bearer of her large print prayer-book bound in purple morocco, and would constantly give me a penny when the

service

service of the church was ended, because I was good, as she would tell me, and said *amen* at the close of every prayer. To these early impressions, perhaps, I owe all my oddities; and you will easily imagine what a queer fellow I am, when I inform you, that I put my family to the inconvenience of dining, on Sundays, a full hour sooner than common, for no other reason in the world but that I may do my duty towards my Maker, by going to church in the afternoon. While my neighbours are at the play-house, or the tavern, I can make shift to kill time at an evening lecture; and I often follow a famous preacher of a charity sermon with all the ardour with which a favourite player inspires the frequenters of theatrical entertainments. These are my usual diversions, and really, Sir, they have some advantages attending them. In the first place, they are not expensive; for what is a shilling thrown away now and then upon a trifling whim, since every man has his hobby-horse; such as relieving a suffering fellow creature, or contributing to the education and support of a poor orphan? Secondly, I can go into any church, within the Bills of Mortality, without danger of being pushed, and squeezed, and trod upon, and stifled to death, as sometimes happens to those who follow more fashionable diversions; nay, and I can sit the whole time without sweating in the least.

"Now, Sir, as I have constantly attended to various sorts of pulpit eloquence, I suppose I may pretend, without vanity, to be some judge of it. Do not, however, expect that I shall bring proofs of the justness of my remarks from your Aristotles, your Tullies, or your Quintilians; for I am a plain common man, and if I have any sense, God knows it is only plain common sense.

"Let me premise that I shall now and then make use of the usual terms of division and subdivision. Such, for instance, as those edifying little words, First, secondly, thirdly, to conclude, to come to next head, and the like. Consider, Sir, I have been long used to this style, and naturally run into it.

"Of preachers, I shall reckon four kinds; the Fine Man, the Pretty Preacher, the Good Textman, and the Humdrum.

"First then of the first (forgive my sermonical style) namely, of the
FINE MAN:

"A stentorophonic voice is the fundamental excellency of your Fine Man—and a powerful excellence it is. I have been a witness of its force. No sooner has the Fine Man uttered the pathetic and significant phrase, "conclude," than I have heard the whole row of matrons, in the middle aisle, with one accord cry, "humph," and immediately second their exclamation with a torrent of tears, which flowed down their withered cheeks, interrupted only by sighs and sobs. The next qualification is flexibility of limbs. From this excellence arise those violent contortions of the body, that wringing of the hands, beating of the breast, rolling of the eyes, foaming of the mouth, and one or two more symptoms of madness, which never fail of gaining the applause of the weeping congregation. The next—but what am I about, Sir? In truth, I cannot recollect the other excellencies; as for sense, learning, argument, these are not to be expected

pected in your *Fine Man*: but then the want of these is abundantly supplied by noise, nonsense, and grimace.

"To come to my second head. Secondly then, as was before laid down, we treat of the *PRETTY PREACHER*:

"The *Pretty Preacher* is an imitator of the *Fine Man*. As a copy, he is somewhat fainter than the original. He whines, he sobs, he roars, but roars like any nightingale, as *Shakespeare* has it. A soft effeminate voice, a pretty face) which is a more powerful persuasive, than the arguments of a *Chillingworth*) and a white handkerchief, are the constituent parts of a *Pretty Preacher*.

"These two sorts of Preachers are complete masters of the passions, without addressing the understanding in the least. In truth, I cannot help comparing them to a fiddler of old time, I remember to have heard of at school, who made stocks and stones dance minuets, and rivers run the wrong way, and played a hundred such pranks merely by the sound of the fiddle strings. Just in the same manner a *Fine Man*, and a *Pretty Preacher*, can force the tear from the eye, and the shilling from the inmost recesses of the pocket, by dint of sound, which, in this case, is never the echo of sense.

"To come to my third head. Thirdly then, the *GOOD TEXTMAN* lays down good plain rules of morality, and confirms every precept by a quotation from holy writ, The graces of elocution he never aims at. Rhetorical flourishes, new remarks, or beautiful language, are not to be required of him. In short, the intelligent part of the congregation will seldom find their understandings enlightened, or their fancy amused by him; but the plain sober-minded Christian, provided he can distinguish what the preacher says, may carry away something for his edification.

"To conclude with my fourth and last head. The *HUMDRUM* seems to consider preaching and praying as a kind of trade or work, which if he performs so as to get his wages, he is satisfied. He reads the liturgy as he would read a news-paper. He endeavours neither to please, to strike, nor to convince, but thinks the duty sufficiently well done, if it is but according to the rubrick at the established seasons. To give him his due, he commonly preaches the best divinity in the language; for as he is too lazy to compose, he has nothing to do but make choice of the most celebrated compositions of others. He, however, murders every sentence he reads. For the most part, he chuses doctrinal rather than practical discourses; but the misfortune is, that while he is making the mysteries as clear as the sun at noon-day, his audience are commonly asleep as fast as a church. In a word, you may form some idea of this kind of Preacher, by taking a view of *Hogarth's* print of the sleepy congregation, where there is a *Humdrum* holding forth, so as effectually to infuse peace and quietness into the minds of his hearers."

"Here the old gentleman's avocations obliged him to conclude the conversation, with expressing a wish, "That men of virtue and learning, as the clergy generally are, would not let the effect of their excellent prayers and discourses, which if well delivered might reform thousands, be entirely lost, by indolence or affectation."

We should here take leave of these *Essays*, did we not consult our reader's entertainment, at so barren a season as the present, of amusing publications. At the same time, we must frankly confess, that, if we consulted the entertainment of our readers only, without regard to the property of the author or his bookseller, we should occasionally extract the whole of these *Anonymous Essays*.—At present, therefore, we must make a merit of our forbearance and indulge ourselves only in one quotation more; with which we shall now dismiss these ingenious and agreeable tracts.

“To complain of the present, and to praise the past, has so long been the favourite topic of disappointment, or of ignorance, that every stricture on the degeneracy of the times is looked upon as the effusion of ill-nature, or the result of superficial observation: but the absurdity of declamatory invective, ought not to preclude the cool remarks of truth, reason, and experience.

“The practice of vice, or virtue, has indeed varied at different periods, rather in the mode, than in the degree; but the state of literature has suffered more violent revolutions; it has sometimes shone with the highest lustre, and at others has been totally overshadowed with the darkness of barbarism.

“To review the state of learning from the earliest periods, and to investigate the causes of its fluctuations, is a task that requires much labour, sagacity, and erudition. More moderate abilities, and more superficial enquiries, will, however, suffice to examine the justice of the charge of literary degeneracy in the present age, and if it be well founded, to discover the causes of it.

“It has been observed by an ingenious writer, that as every age has been marked by some peculiarity, from which it has derived its characteristic appellation; so the present, were it to be distinguished by a name taken from its most prevalent humour, might be called, *The age of authors*. Certain it is, that of late years every man has felt an ambition of appearing in print, from the voluminous lexicographer, down to the scribbler in a pamphlet or news-paper. It is indeed natural to suppose, that of a great number of competitors, some would reach the prize; that emulation might kindle enterprize, and that the universal combination of intellects might effect some stupendous work, which would exceed all the productions of our predecessors, and demand the admiration of the latest posterity. It has however been observed, that the learning of the present age is not deep though diffusive, and that its productions are not excellent though numerous.

“The multiplicity of compositions is an argument of their hasty production; and hastiness is, at least, a presumptive proof of their want of merit. In this point, the literary and natural world resemble each other. The productions of nature, whether vegetable or animal, as they are either of a slow or speedy growth, are known to be durable or transitory, solid or unsubstantial. The oak and the elephant are long before they attain to perfection, but are still longer before they decay; while the butterfly and the tulip perish as they arise,

almost within the diurnal revolution of the sun. The works of Virgil cost him much time and labour; but they have existed near two thousand years universally admired, while the compositions of that poet, who boasted he could write two or three hundred verses while he stood on one leg, were lost perhaps in as short a space as that in which they were produced.

"But the hasty formation of literary works in modern times, is not a greater obstacle to their excellence, than the mercenary motives of their authors. The office of instructing mankind in morality, and of informing them in science, was once reserved for those alone who were particularly adapted to the task by the impulses of genius, by peculiar opportunities, and by singular application. In these times, however, the profession of an author is become a lucrative employment, and is practised rather by those who feel the inconvenience of hunger, than by those who are stimulated with the hope of immortality. But it is a known truth, that avarice narrows the mind, and renders it incapable of elevated sentiments and generous enterprises. It ceases therefore to be matter of wonder, that works are destitute of spirit, when they proceed not from the noble ardour inspired by the love of fame, but from the frigid incitements of the love of money.

"The depraved taste of readers is another cause of the degeneracy of writers. They who write for the public, must gratify the taste of the public. In vain are their compositions formed on the model of the best writers, and regulated by the precepts of the most judicious critics, if they conform not to the popular caprice and the mistaken judgment of the vulgar. In an age when the taste for reading is universal, many works, contemptible both in design and execution, will be received, by some readers, with distinguished applause. The want of the merits of just reasoning and pure language, is to the greater part, the half-learned and the ignorant, no objection. In truth, unconnected thoughts, and superficial declamation, are congenial to minds unaccustomed to accurate thinking, and insensible of the charms of finished excellence. Hence, writers, of acknowledged abilities and learning, have been known, when they aimed at popularity, to relinquish real excellence, and adopt a false taste, in opposition to their own judgment.

"After all, it may not perhaps be absurd, to attribute the complaints, against the present set of authors, to ignorance, envy, and caprice. In every department of literature, in the gay regions of fancy, and in the depths of philosophy and science, many authors are there of this age and nation, who have acquired an illustrious reputation by deserving it: and if they want that originality of thought and solidity of learning, which mark the productions of our first writers, yet they have a force, elegance, and correctness of style, unknown to their predecessors."

W.

A Treatise

A Treatise on Man, his Intellectual Faculties and his Education. A Posthumous work of M. Helvetius. Translated from the French, with Additional Notes, By W. Hooper, M. D. 2 vol. 8vo. 12s. Law. (Continued from page 303.)

In the second section, of this ingenious and entertaining work, the author discusses the question "whether men, commonly well organized have not, all, an equal aptitude to understanding." This he determines in the affirmative; endeavouring to demonstrate, what he had asserted, in his former treatise, that all the operations of the mind are reducible to sensation. To prove this, he enters first into the difference between the *mind* and the *soul*: between which he makes the following distinctions.

FIRST DIFFERENCE.

"The soul exists intire in the infant as well as in the adult. The infant, as well as the man, is sensible of pleasure and pain, but he has not so many ideas, nor consequently so much mind or understanding as the adult. Now if the infant have as much soul without having as much mind, the soul is not the mind. In fact, if the soul and the mind were one and the same thing, to explain the superiority of the adult over the infant, we must admit more soul in the former, and agree that his soul has encreased with his body: a supposition absolutely gratuitous, and insignificant, when we distinguish the mind from the soul or principle of life.

SECOND DIFFERENCE.

"The soul does not leave us till death. As long as I live I have a soul. Is it the same of the mind? no. I can lose it during my life: because, while I yet live, I can lose my memory; and the mind is almost entirely the effect of that faculty. The Greeks gave the name of *Mnemosyne* to the Mother of the Muses, because, being attentive observers of man, they perceived that his judgement, wit, &c. were in great part the produce of his memory.

"If a man be deprived of this faculty, of what can he judge? of sensations past? No: he has forgot them; and of sensations present, it is necessary to have at least as much memory as will give him an opportunity of comparing them together, that is, of observing alternatively the different impressions he feels at the presence of two objects. Now, without a memory to preserve impressions, how perceive the difference between those of this instant, and those that the instant before were perceived and forgotten? There is then no comparison of ideas, no judgement, no mind, without memory. An ideot, who sits on the bench at his door, is only a man who has little or no memory. If he do not answer to questions that are asked him, it is because he does not remember the ideas affixed to the words, or that he forgets the first words of a sentence before he hears the last. If we consult experience, we shall find that it is to the memory (whose existence supposes the faculty of perception) that man owes his ideas and his understanding.

ing. There can be no sensations without a soul; but without a memory there can be no experience, no comparison of objects, no ideas: a man would be the same in his old age that he was in his infancy. A man is reputed an idiot when he is ignorant; but he is only really so when his memory no longer exerts its functions. Now, without losing our soul, we can lose our memory; as by a fall, an apoplexy, or other accident of the like nature. The mind, therefore, differs essentially from the soul, as we can lose the one and still live, and the other is not lost but with life itself.

THIRD DIFFERENCE.

"I have said, that the mind of man is composed of an assemblage of ideas. There is no mind without ideas.

"Is it the same with the soul? No: neither thought nor understanding are necessary to its existence. As long as man is sensible, he has a soul. It is therefore the faculty of perception that forms its essence. Deprive the soul of what does not properly belong to it, that is of the faculty of remembrance, and what faculty is left it? That of perception. It then does not even preserve a consciousness of its own existence, because that consciousness supposes a concatenation of ideas, and consequently a memory. Such is the state of the soul, when it has yet no use of the faculty of remembrance.

"We may lose our memory by a blow, a fall, or a disease. Is the soul deprived of this faculty? It must then, without a miracle, or the express will of God, find itself in the same state of imbecillity it was in the human animalcule. Thought, therefore, is not absolutely necessary to the existence of the soul. The soul then, is in us nothing but the faculty of perceiving, and this is the reason why, as Locke and experience prove, all our ideas come to us by the senses.

"It is to my memory I owe the comparison of my ideas and my judgements, and to my soul I owe my sensations. It is therefore properly my sensations, and not my thoughts, as Descartes asserts, that prove to me the existence of my soul. But what is the faculty of perception in man? is it immortal and immaterial? Of this human reason is ignorant, and revelation instructs us. Perhaps it will be objected, that if the soul be nothing more than the faculty of perception, its action, like that of one body's striking another, is constantly necessary, and that the soul in this case must be regarded as merely passive. So Mallebranche believed, and his system has been publicly taught. If the theologians of the present day condemn it, they will fall into a contradiction with themselves that will certainly somewhat embarrass them. For the rest, as men are born without ideas of virtue, vice, &c. whatever system the theologians adopt, they will never prove that thought is the essence of the soul; and that the soul, or the faculty of sensation, cannot exist in us, without its being put in action, that is to say, without our having either ideas or sensations.

"The organ exists, when it does not sound. Man is in the same state with the organ, when in his mother's womb; or when, overcome with labour, and not troubled by dreams, he is buried in a profound sleep. If all our ideas moreover, can be ranged under some of the classes of our knowledge, and we can live without having any ideas of mathematics,

mathematics, physics, morality, mechanics, &c. it is then not metaphysically impossible to have a soul without having any ideas.

"The savages have little knowledge, they have nevertheless souls. There are some of them who have no ideas of justice, nor even words to express that idea. They say, that a man deaf and dumb, having suddenly acquired his hearing and speech, confessed, that before his cure, he had no idea of God or of death.

"The King of Prussia, Prince Henry, Hume, Voltaire, &c. have no more soul than Bertier, Lignac, Seguy, Gauchat, &c. The former, however, have minds as superior to the latter, as they have to monkeys, and other animals that are exposed in public shews.

"Pompignan, Chaumeix, Caveirac, &c. have certainly very little understanding: however, we always say of them, he speaks, he writes, and even he has a soul. Now, if by having very little understanding, a man has not the less soul; ideas make no part of it: they are not essential to its being. The soul, therefore, may exist independent of all ideas, and of all understanding.

"Let us here recapitulate the most remarkable differences between the soul and the mind.

"The first is, that we are born with a perfect soul, but not with a perfect mind.

"The second, that we can lose our mind, or understanding, while we yet live, but that we cannot lose the soul but with life itself.

"The third, that thought is not necessary to the soul's existence.

"Such was doubtless the opinion of the theologians, when they maintained, after Aristotle, that it was to the senses the soul owed its ideas. Let it not be imagined, however, that the mind can be considered as entirely independent of the soul. Without the faculty of sensation, memory, the productive power of the mind, would be without functions, it would be of no effect*. The existence of our ideas and our mind, supposes that of the faculty of sensation. This faculty is the soul itself: from whence I conclude, that if the soul be not the mind, the mind is the effect of the soul, or the faculty of sensation †."

In

* The *Treatise on the Mind*, says, that memory is nothing more than a continued, but weakened sensation. In fact, the memory is nothing more than the effect of the faculty of sensation.

† I shall be asked, perhaps, what is the faculty of sensation, and what produces this phenomenon in us? The following is the opinion of a celebrated English chemist, on the soul of animals: "We find, says he, in bodies, two sorts of properties, the existence of one of which is permanent and unalterable; such are its impenetrability, gravity, mobility, &c. These qualities appertain to physics in general."

There are in the same bodies other properties, whose transient and fugitive existence is by turns produced and destroyed by certain combinations, analyses, or motions in their interior parts. These sorts of properties form the different branches of natural history, chemistry, &c. and belong to particular parts of physics.

Iron, for example, is a composition of a phlogiston and a particular earth. In this composite state it is subject to the attractive power of the magnet. When this iron is decomposed, that property vanishes: the magnet has no influence over a ferruginous earth deprived of its phlogiston.

When

In the next chapter the author proceeds to treat of the employment of the mind, the objects on which it acts, and the modes of its action. There is little propriety, however, in considering the mind as an *agent*; after having declared it to be merely an assemblage of ideas. Hume and others, indeed, have placed the mind nearly in the same point of view: that of every man being characterised, if not defined, by his peculiar system of thinking. But an assemblage of ideas or a system of thinking cannot with propriety be considered as a physical agent *. We should rather adopt Dr. Priestley's notion in regard to the mind, viz. that of its consisting of the assemblage or system of the organs of sensation. In which case, though a compound object, it has a real and physical existence. — With this correction, in the definition of the agent, our author may be said to proceed with propriety enough in respect to the modes of its agency.

“ All the operations of the mind are reducible to the observing of the resemblances and differences, the agreements and disagreements that objects have among themselves and with us. The justness of the mind or judgement depends on the greater or less attention with which its observations are made.

When a metal is combined with another substance, as a vitriolic acid, this union destroys in like manner in iron the property of being attracted by the magnet.

Fixed alkali, and a nitrous acid have each of them separately an infinity of different qualities; but when they are united, there does not remain any vestige of those qualities, they each of them then ferment with nitre.

In the common heat of the atmosphere, a nitrous acid will disengage itself from all other bodies, to combine with a fixed alkali.

If this combination be exposed to a degree of heat, proper to put the nitre into a red fusion, and any inflammable matter be added to it, the nitrous acid will abandon the fixed alkali, to unite with the inflammable substance, and in the act of this union arises the elastic force whose effects are so surprising in gunpowder.

All the properties of fixed alkali are destroyed, when it is combined with sand, and formed into glass, whose transparency, indissolubility, electric power, &c. are, if I may be allowed the expression, so many new creations, that are produced by this mixture, and destroyed by the decomposition of glass.

Now in the animal kingdom, why may not organization produce in like manner that singular quality we call the faculty of sensation? All the phenomena that relate to medicine and natural history, evidently prove that this power is in animals nothing more than the result of the structure of their bodies; that this power begins with the formation of their organs, lasts as long as they subsist, and is at last destroyed by the dissolution of the same organs.

If the metaphysicians ask me, what then becomes of the *faculty of sensation in an animal*? That which becomes, I should answer them, of the quality of attracting the magnet in iron that is decomposed.

* We should almost as soon adopt the absurdity, of the existence of a simple thinking substance, as that of the action of a compound body of ideas.

“ Would

"Would I know the relations certain objects have to each other? What do I do? I place before my eyes, or present to my memory, two or more of these objects; and then I compare them. But what is this comparison? *It is an alternate and attentive observation of the different impressions these objects, present or absent, make on me.* This observation made, I judge, that is, I make an exact report of the impressions I have received.

"Am I, for example, much interested to distinguish between two shades of the same colour, that are almost indistinguishable; I examine a long time and successively, two pieces of cloth tinged with those two shades. *I compare them, that is, I regard them alternately.* I am very attentive to the different impressions the reflected rays of these two patterns make on my eyes, and I at last determine, that one of them is of a deeper colour than the other; that is to say, I make an exact report of the impressions I have received. Every other judgement would be false. All judgement therefore is nothing more than a *recital of the two sensations, either actually proved, or preserved in my memory.*

"When I observe the relation objects have to me, I am in like manner attentive to the impressions I receive. These impressions are either agreeable or disagreeable. Now in either case what it is to judge? *To tell what I feel.* Am I struck on the head? Is the pain violent? The simple recital of what I feel forms my judgement.

"I shall only add one word to what I have here said, which is, that with regard to the judgements formed on the relations objects have to each other, or to us, there is a difference, which though of little importance in appearance, deserves however to be remarked.

"When we are to judge of the relation objects have to each other, we must have at least two of them before our eyes. But when we judge of the relation an object has to ourselves, it is evident, as every object can excite a sensation, one alone is sufficient to produce a judgement.

"From this observation I conclude, that every assertion concerning the relation of objects to each other, supposes a comparison of those objects; every comparison a trouble; every trouble, an efficacious motive to take it. But on the contrary, when we are to observe the relation of an object to ourselves, that is to say, a sensation, that sensation, if it be lively, becomes itself the efficacious motive to excite our attention.

"Every sensation of this kind carries therefore constantly with it a judgement. I shall not stop longer at this observation, but repeat, agreeable to what I have said above, that in every case to judge, is to feel.

"This being settled, all the operations of the mind are reduced to mere sensations. Why then admit in man a faculty of judging distinct from the faculty of sensation? But this is the general opinion: I own it; and it even ought to be so. We say, I perceive, and I compare; there is therefore in man a faculty of judging and comparing, distinct from the faculty of sensation. This method of reasoning is sufficient to impose on the greatest part of mankind. However, to shew its fallacy, it is only necessary to fix a clear idea to the word *compare*. When this word is properly elucidated, it will be found to express no one real operation of the mind; that the business of comparing, as I have before

said, is nothing else than rendering ourselves attentive to the different impressions excited in us by objects actually before our eyes, or present to our memory; and consequently that all judgement is nothing more than pronouncing of sensations felt."

In the succeeding chapter our author treats of such judgements as result from the comparison of ideas that are abstracted; concluding that every *idea* and every *judgement* may be reduced to a *sensation*.—We have no other objection to this conclusion; than that it carries with it the appearance of an attempt to degrade the *mind*; when we might with equal truth and propriety proceed to dignify the *body*. For, notwithstanding the supposed illustration in a foregoing note, the nature of *sensation* is by no means clearly defined. Granting that *thought* is no more than a complicated and refined species of *sensation*, the effect of the organization of the animal; it is not the effect of such a modification as distinguishes the *mental* from the *corporeal* faculties. This writer says, indeed, that all sensation is *material*: but what can he mean by this? By *material* he must surely mean *corporeal*; as by matter, according to the general acceptation of the word (and he gives us no other), is meant something inert and insensible. By *corporeal*, also, can be meant nothing more than something arising merely from the organization of such matter. Now the organization, on which corporeal sensibility depends, is not, as usually supposed, independent on that which is usually dignified with the title of mental faculty. To the nerves, on account of their irritability, is imputed the faculty of feeling; and yet the most irritable nerve in an animal body is totally insensible, if the organs of reflection are dormant or inattentive. It is not the modification of the matter, or substance, composing any part of the body, that renders it capable of sensation. An animal incapable of reflection is incapable of feeling. That capacity in many animals is very little indeed. The beautiful lines of Shakespeare, in Measure for Measure, are, therefore, more poetical than true,

—— the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Corporeal sensibility depends much more on mental reflection than most people are aware of: nor is mental reflection to be always excited, as our author supposes, by the forcible impressions of external objects. In trances and profound sleep, the human body has been found insensible to attempts at inflicting the keenest torture. Of this our author appears, nevertheless,

vertheless, to be apprized, though it leads him into a most egregious blunder.

"These are," says he, "moments when the strongest sensations are, so to say, imperceptible. I fight, and am wounded, I continue the combat, and perceive not my wound. Why? Because the love of preservation, rage, and the motion given to my blood, render me insensible to the stroke that at another time would have fixed all my attention."

What is this, but to say that a man may be *insensible* to the *strongest sensation*? A wound is not a sensation, though it may be the cause of many painful ones; but they do not exist till they are felt: nor can they be felt, till they receive existence from the faculty of reflection. Corporeal sensation, therefore, does not precede mental reflection, as Mr. Locke and others have taught, but follows from and is dependent on it. At the same time, we would have it observed, that we make no such essential distinction between the mental and corporeal faculties as philosophers generally do: regarding both as the effects of the different modifications of one and the same potential substance; or rather of many homogeneous powers or substances.

For the preceding reasons, we must, therefore, object to this writer's argument, when he maintains that, the more forcible the direct impression of external objects, on the organs of sense, the greater impression they make on the mind. The same objection lies to his supposing that, the desire of corporeal pleasure, or of getting rid of some bodily pain, is the sole motive of mental attention.

"All comparison of objects with each other," says he, "supposes attention, all attention a trouble, and all trouble a motive for exerting it. If there could exist a man without desire, he would not compare any objects, or pronounce any judgement."

We admit that mere *curiosity* is in man a natural appetite; the wish to gratify it, therefore, may be called a *desire*, nay the want of being able to do it a *trouble*; but can either the wish or the gratification of it, be properly called animal sensations, and ranked under the head of corporeal sensibility? We think not. Our author's attempt, however, to impute all human action to motives of mere corporeal sensation is ingenious, and in many cases consistent with truth.

Corporeal sensibility, says he, is the sole cause of our actions, our thoughts, and our passions. This assertion he endeavours to prove and illustrate as follows.—

A C T I O N.

"It is to clothe himself, and adorn his mistress, or his wife, to procure them amusements, nourish himself and his family, in a word to enjoy the pleasures attached to the gratification of bodily desires that

the artizan and the peasant thinks, contrives, and labours. Corporeal sensibility is therefore the sole mover of man, he is consequently susceptible, as I am going to prove, but of two sorts of pleasures and pains, the one are present bodily pains and pleasures, the other are the pains and pleasures of foresight or memory.

P A I N.

"I know but two sorts of pain, that we feel, and that we foresee. I die of hunger; I feel a present pain. I foresee that I shall soon die of hunger. I feel a pain by foresight, the strength of whose impression is in proportion to the proximity and severity of the pain. The criminal who is going to the scaffold, feels yet no torment, but the foresight, that makes his present punishment, is begun.

R E M O R S E.

"Remorse is nothing more than a foresight of bodily pain, to which some crime has exposed us: and is consequently the effect of bodily sensibility. We tremble at the description of the flames, the wheels, the fiery scourges, that the heated imagination of the painter or the poet represents. Is a man without fear, and above the law? he feels no remorse from the commission of a wicked action; provided, however, that he have not previously contracted a virtuous habit; for then he will not pursue a contrary conduct, without feeling an uneasiness, a secret inquietude, to which is also given the name of remorse. Experience tell us, that every action which does not expose us to legal punishment, or to dishonour, is an action performed in general without remorse. Solon and Plato loved women and even boys, and avowed it. Theft was not punished in Sparta: and the Lacedaemonians robbed without remorse. The princes of the East can, with impunity, load their subjects with taxes, and they do it effectually. The inquisitor can, with impunity, burn whoever does not think as he does, on certain metaphysical points, and it is without remorse that he gluts his vengeance by hideous torments, for the slight offence that is given to his vanity by the contradiction of a Jew or an Infidel. Remorse, therefore, owes its existence to the fear of punishment or of shame, which is always reducible, as I have already said, to a bodily sensation.

F R I E N D S H I P.

"It is in like manner, from bodily sensibility, the tears flow that bathe the urn of my friend. I lament the loss of the man whose conversation relieved me from disquietude, from that disagreeable sensation of the soul, which actually produces a bodily pain: I deplore him who exposed his life and fortune to save me from sorrow and destruction; who was incessantly employed in promoting my felicity, and increasing it by every sort of pleasure. When a man enters into himself, when he examines the bottom of his soul, he perceives nothing in all these sentiments but the development of bodily pain and pleasure. What cannot this pain produce? It is by this means the magistrate enchains vice, and disarms the assassin.

P L E A.

P L E A S U R E.

"There are two sorts of pleasures, as there are two sorts of pains: the one is the present bodily pleasure, the other is that of foresight. Does a man love fine slaves and beautiful paintings? If he discover a treasure, he is transported. He does not, however, yet feel any bodily pleasure, you will say: it is true; but he gains at that moment, the means of procuring the objects of his desires. Now this foresight of an approaching pleasure, is in fact an actual pleasure: for without the love of fine slaves and paintings, he would have been entirely unconcerned at the discovery of the treasure.

"The pleasures of foresight, therefore, constantly suppose the existence of the pleasures of the senses. It is the hopes of enjoying my mistress to-morrow that makes me happy to-day. Foresight or memory convert into an actual enjoyment the acquisition of every means proper to procure pleasure. From what motive in fact do I feel an agreeable sensation every time I obtain a new degree of esteem, of importance, riches, and above all, of power? It is because I esteem power as the most sure means of increasing my happiness.

P O W E R.

"Men love themselves: they all desire to be happy, and think their happiness would be complete, if they were invested with a degree of power sufficient to procure them every sort of pleasure. The love of power therefore takes its source from the love of pleasure.

"Suppose a man absolutely insensible. But, it will be said, he must then be without ideas, and consequently a mere statue. Be it so: but allow that he may exist, and even think. Of what consequence would the scepter of a monarch be to him? None. In fact, what could the most immense power add to the felicity of a man without feeling?

"If power be so coveted by the ambitious, it is as the mean of acquiring pleasure. Power is like gold, a money. The effect of power, and of a bill of exchange is the same. If I be in possession of such a bill, I receive at London or Paris a hundred thousand crowns, and consequently all the pleasures that sum can procure. Am I in possession of a letter of authority or command? I draw in like manner from my fellow-citizens, a like quantity of provisions or pleasures. The effects of riches and power are in a manner the same: for riches are power."

All this, as we have observed, is ingenious; but it is far from being philosophically true. The pleasure we enjoy by anticipation, or, as our author terms it, foresight, is not corporeal but mental, if he will admit of any distinction between them. They are the pleasures of imagination and not of sensation.—In receiving a hundred thousand crowns he says, he enjoys all the pleasures that sum can procure. In imagination he may, though in fact he does not. The miser may in raptures count over the bags of gold in his iron chest; but, if to secure the enjoyment of such ideal pleasure, he were obliged to

to bear such cleft upon his back, his feeble loins would sink under its weight, and give the lie to corporeal sensibility.

That the love of corporeal pleasure and the fear of corporeal pain are powerful motives of action, we presume not to deny; but what does this doctrine resolve itself into but the old one of self-love. "Men love themselves and desire to be happy." Granted; but whence this love and this desire? Admit even that human happiness consists in corporeal pleasures, and that the desire of attaining it be the motive of human action; it does not thence follow that such desire should be the sole cause of our thoughts and passions. Granting that the interest, as our author terms it, which induces us to think, and which, he says, is founded on our love of happiness, be the real motive of our actions, it cannot be merely the effect of bodily sensibility, unless that love of happiness be so too. But can the passions and appetites depend for existence on the objects of their gratification? We might as well affirm that hunger and thirst proceed from the possession of victuals and drink.

It is not unjustly, however, that our author considers the desire of gratifying the senses, as a powerful motive to human action.

"The springs of action in man," says he, "are corporeal pains and pleasures. Why is hunger the most habitual principle of his activity? Because among all his wants it is that which returns the most frequently and commands the most imperiously. It is hunger and the difficulty of appeasing it, that give to the carnivorous animals of the forest so much superiority of intellect over the grazing herds. It is hunger that furnishes the former with a hundred ingenious methods of attacking and surprising their game. It is hunger that keeps the savages for six months together on the lakes, and in the woods: teaches them to bend the bow, to weave their nets, and set the snares for their prey. It is hunger also that among the polished nations puts the people in action, teaches them to cultivate the land, learn an artful trade, and fill a difficult employ. But in the exercise of these employs each one forgets the motive that made him undertake it; for the mind is occupied, not with the want, but with the means of appeasing it. The difficulty is not to eat, but to provide the repast.

"Pleasure and pain are, and always will be, the only principles of action in man. It heaven had provided for all his wants; if nourishment proper for the body had been, like air and water, an element of nature, man would have been for ever wrapt up in sloth.

"Hunger, and consequently pain, is the principle of activity in the poor, that is of the greatest number: and pleasure is the principle of activity in those who are above indigence, that is, the rich. Now, among all the pleasures, that which without doubt acts the most forcibly on us, and communicates the greatest energy to the soul, is the love of women. Nature, by attaching the greatest intoxication to the enjoyment

enjoyment of them, intended to make them one of the most powerful principles of our activity.

"No passion produces greater changes in man: its empire extends even to brutes. The timid animal that trembles at the approach of another that is even weaker than itself, becomes animated by love. At the command of love he stops, shakes off every fear, attacks and defeats his equals, or even his superiors in strength. There are no dangers, no labours by which love can be disinayed. It is the spring of life. In proportion as its desires die away, man loses his activity; and by degrees, death deprives him of every other sensation.

"Corporeal pleasure and pain are the real and only springs of all government. We do not properly desire glory, riches, and honours, but the pleasures only of which glory, riches, and honours, are the representatives; and whatever men may say, while we give the workman money that he may drink, to excite him to labour, we must acknowledge the power that the pleasures of the senses have over us."

In fine, our author's doctrine is that "Man is a machine; which being put in motion by corporeal sensibility, ought to perform all it executes. It is the wheel, that moved by a torrent, raises the pistons, and with them the water designed to be thrown into the basin prepared to receive it."—But neither is the assertion true or the allusion apt; if, by man's being a machine, we adopt the ideas of the materialist. If Man be considered as a machine, it should be rather as a *spiritual* than a *material* one. His *principle* of action is innate, and does not proceed from the external causes that excite his corporeal sensibility. There is a wide difference between the love of pleasure and aversion to pain, the general motive of all his actions, and his acquired attachment to, or desire after, particular pains and pleasures, arising from his corporeal sensibility. The former is a metaphysical principle independent of experience, the latter a physical motive derived from habit. Man is a self-moving wheel, possessed of an internal principle of motion; and not a wheel moved by an external torrent, as our author supposes. External causes, indeed, more powerful than his innate principle of action, may counteract and even over-power such principle: but they are not, therefore, the *sole* causes of his action. The voluntary motion of a man, in walking, may be checked; nay he may be involuntarily carried a contrary way, by the force of the wind, water, or other means: but are we, therefore, to conclude his voluntary motion equally mechanical? Surely not!

(To be continued.)

A Treat on the Law of Nature and Principles of Action in Man.
By Granville Sharp. 8vo. 4s. White.

(Continued from p. 256.)

Having asserted the actual *existence* of the devils, our author proceeds to illustrate their efficacy and mode of action. These he confines to human beings only; the brutes, he observes, having never been subject to spiritual delusions, or to be actuated by infernal spirits, since the time that the serpent deceived our first parent. His remarks on this head, turning on the subject of suicide, are somewhat singular.

"How common is it for Men to lift their hands against their own life, and deliberately to exclude themselves from all possibility of repentance? It must be allowed indeed, that real *Madness*, or Lunacy, and other natural distempers and phrenzies, are frequently the *Principles of Action* which occasion Suicide; but we have too many instances of *deliberate Self-murder*, wherein no such *natural* causes can with justice be alledged, though generally assigned by the coroner's juries, through a false notion of mercy, which inclines them to adopt the erroneous maxim, that "all Men are mad who kill themselves." But nothing is more false!

"If the Brute Creation were equally liable to voluntary deaths, *Suicide* might with more probability be attributed to natural causes only, as they are almost equally liable to *distempers*; but herein appears a capital distinction between *Human Nature* and that of *Brutes*. None of the BRUTE CREATION ever violate the *universal Principle* of SELF-LOVE, which the Divine *Author of Nature* has given them for their preservation! And though MAN is also endowed with the *same Principle*, as I have already shewn, yet the very BRUTES make so much better use of it than MAN, that in them we distinguish the *same Principle*, even by another name, and call it INSTINCT—an INSTINCT of *Self-preservation*—an *Instinct*, because it is never violated. How are we to account for this seeming Superiority in the BRUTES? Why should HUMAN NATURE be more subject to Depravity than they are? MAN, who, in addition to that *natural light* with which he was endowed at the time of his creation, has since acquired an additional power of discernment and prudence for his preservation, even a *Divine Knowledge* of GOOD and EVIL, that he "may know how to refuse the EVIL, and chuse the GOOD;" and yet is in general infinitely more depraved than the very BRUTES! Let any reasonable Man consider how impossible it is, by *natural causes*, to account for so extraordinary a circumstance! That MAN, endowed with such a superiority of Knowledge for SELF-PRESERVATION, and also endowed with *Self-love* in common with the rest of the creation, should yet be subject to such monstrous depravity, as to lose all sense of both, while the BRUTES are never known to violate that universal Principle, *Self-love*! except it be for a *reasonable cause*, that they risk their own lives in defence of their young, to preserve their species, or through gratitude, as dogs

will

will defend their masters, which surely is no depravity! To what extraordinary cause then shall we attribute this very singular superiority of BRUTES in a circumstance so necessary to happiness. The cause is obvious, BRUTES have never been subject to *spiritual delusions*, or to be actuated by *infernal Spirits*, since the time that the serpent deceived our first parents!"

Mr. Sharp, indeed, is not unaware of the celebrated instance, set forth in the Gospel, in which the devils entered into the herd of swine; which leads him to the consideration of the case of the Gadarene demoniacs.

"There is no instance, I believe, since that time, of brutes being really actuated by evil spirits, except one; and that was (be pleased to observe) by express permission of our Lord himself, viz. when the Devils entered into the swine by the lake of Gennefareth. For it appears, that the demons had no power to enter into the animals, till our Lord had expressly granted it: for—"the devils besought him, saying, "If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine, and "he said unto them, Go." The permission being thus gained, the animals immediately acquired a new "Principle of Action," too similar to that which actuates poor abandoned sinners among Men (as when the devil entered Judas, and led him, not only to betray his Lord, but to punish the horrid treason with his own hands, contrary to every conceivable natural Principle of Action) so the unhappy brutes by Gennefareth were no sooner subjected, like mankind, to the bondage of infernal spirits, than they immediately lost that principle of self-love, which in them (because never violated but at this particular time) is called Instinct; and by the immediate consequence of that loss, they have afforded us a notable example of the baneful effects of diabolical inspiration."

To this passage our author subjoins, in a very long note, a reply (if we may so call it) to Mr. Farmer's Essay on the Demoniacs, as well as to his tract on our Saviour's temptation in the Wilderness.—Now, as these tracts have lately much engaged the attention of theological readers, we shall, apologizing for our incapacity to make a satisfactory abstract, give an extract of the whole note.

"This particular case of the *Gadarene Demoniacs* has been violently attacked by the opposers of the common received doctrine concerning the reality of demoniacal possessions. Three very eminent and learned men among them, for instance, have endeavoured to accommodate to their own notions the evangelical history of this matter, and by the failure of their several attempts have proved, that the literal meaning of the terms in which the Evangelists have related the several circumstances of that case (and no less than three Evangelists out of the four have mentioned it) cannot possibly be set aside, without raising up in its stead the most glaring absurdities; One of these gentlemen (notwithstanding his own errors) has very fully and justly censured the miserable shift to which the other two learned men were reduced, in attempting to defend their own groundless hypotheses.

"A farther argument (says he) in favour of real possessions, is taken from the destruction of the herd of swine, which the Demons are said to have entered, and stimulated to instantaneous madness. This case is considered by some' continues he 'as a decisive proof of the power of Demons, both over the human and brutal race, and is thought even to have been purposely designed by Providence to refute the opposite opinion. To enervate this argument, Dr. Sykes suggested, and Dr. Lardner strenuously contended, that the swine were frightened by the two madmen, and so driven down the precipice into the sea. On the other hand' (says he) 'the advocates for the common hypothesis insist upon it, (to my apprehension' [continues he] 'with great reason,) that it was impossible for two men, however fierce, to put so vast a herd of swine as two thousand into motion in an instant, and to cause them all to rush with violence down a precipice into the sea; swine, contrary to the nature of most other animals, running different ways when they are driven. But this part of the controversy might well be spared; it not appearing from the history, that the men ever fell upon the herd, or made any attempt to drive them into the sea. Nay, the history expressly refers their destruction to a different cause from the behaviour of the madmen.' An Essay on the Demoniacs of the New Testament. p. 280, 281. Many other insurmountable objections are alledged by the same ingenious writer, and may be seen at large in pages 283 to 290, if what I have already quoted should not be thought amply sufficient to confute the groundless supposition of the other two learned men. And he very justly concludes thereupon—'For these reasons,' says he, 'I cannot accede to the opinion of those learned writers, who ascribe the destruction of the swine to the madmen.' But then (unfortunately for himself) he immediately adds—'Neither' says he, 'can I see any just ground for ascribing it to the agency of Demons.' p. 291.

"He tells elsewhere, that 'what is called the ejection of demons, is the case of a natural disorder,' p. 178 and 189—'that there never was, nor can be, a real Demoniac,' p. 240—'that the Demoniacs spoken of in the New Testament were all either madmen or epilepticks,' Prop. vi. p. 92.—And, with respect to the particular case before us, he asserts, that 'all that can be inferred from their' (the Evangelists) 'saying,' that "the demons came out of the men, and entered into the herd of swine," 'is, that the madness of the former was transferred to the latter, in the same sense as' "the leprosy of Naaman was to cleave to Gehazi, and to his seed for ever." p. 292. He allows, however, 'what a learned writer' says he, 'contends for, that in the case before us,' "the power of imagination could have no place." It was never said, that the swine fancied themselves possessed; their disorder, I admit,' says this author, 'was real, but not therefore demoniacal. So great a miracle as that wrought upon them,' continues he, 'can be ascribed to no other agency than that of God,' p. 293.

Certain it is, that no created being whatsoever, whether good or evil, visible or invisible, can have any power to act without the knowledge and permission of the Almighty; but, at the same time, we must remember, that there is a very material difference between "the
"agency

"agency of God," and the permission of God.—God is, indeed, said to do what he only permits, as I have elsewhere remarked (see notes in pages 134 to 137) and he sometimes grants his permission to very unworthy agents, both spiritual and temporal, which act with views and intentions very opposite to the actual purposes of God, that are really effected by their actions; for the histories of all nations sufficiently testify, that even the vices and malicious dispositions of the enemies both to God and man, are frequently permitted to act as instruments of divine vengeance (see my Tract on the Law of Retribution, pages 125, 184, and elsewhere) to promote the eternal justice and glory of the Almighty, as he alone can bring good out of evil.

But in all such cases, wherein there is manifest evidence of evil in the production of events, though the same are certainly by the suffering or permission of God, yet it would be highly injurious to truth to ascribe the agency to God.

In the case before us concerning the Gadarene Demoniacs, the permission and the agency are clearly distinguished by the Evangelists in the most express terms. 'So the demons besought him, saying, if thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go.' Math. viii. 31, 32.—'And all the demons besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. Mark v. 12.—'And they (the demons) besought him (Jesus) that he would suffer them to enter into them' (the herd of swine) 'and he suffered them.' Luke viii. 32.

"Thus the Divine Permission is clearly and distinctly declared; and the same faithful historians leave us as little room for doubt concerning the agents in this matter: for, 'when they (the demons) were come out, they entered into the swine: and behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters' Math. viii. 32.—'And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place, &c.' Mark v. 13.—Then went the Demons out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down,' &c. Luke viii. 33.

"Here is the most express evidence of three Evangelists, that demons, or unclean spirits, entered into the swine; and the consequences of that entering are as clearly noted;—the animals rushed headlong to their own apparent destruction! A circumstance which was never known to happen, either before or since that time, to any brute animals whatsoever; so that it is unreasonable to attribute that singular deprivation of natural instinct in brutes to "a natural disorder," because the circumstances of it must necessarily be allowed to have been totally unnatural to brutes; though with mankind, alas! it is far otherwise; for we have almost daily examples of men that are absolutely actuated with the same violent desire to rush headlong out of the world! But the reason of this remarkable difference between men and brutes I have already (I hope) sufficiently explained.

"Now, if it is unreasonable to attribute this singular destruction of brute animals to a natural disorder, it is much more unreasonable, nay, it will appear profane and blasphemous to say, that it "can be at-

"cribed to no other agency than that of God," when we consider that the demons, which are said to have entered the swine, were not mere nullities, as this author supposes; not a mere name for deceased souls, or the souls of dead men, but are expressly declared by the Evangelist Mark to be unclean spirits! *τα ἀνεκαθαρά*, Mark v. 13. For if the Sin against the Holy Ghost (the most unpardonable of all blasphemies!) consisted, as many learned commentators have supposed, in attributing the works of God to "Beelzebub the prince of demons," surely it must be almost equally dangerous to ascribe to the agency of God the furious and profane agitations occasioned by the inspiration of unclean spirits!

But I impeach not the intention of the learned author, but only the tendency of his doctrines: his excuse, however, is already prepared; he doubts (in p. 61.) "whether these epithets" (evil and unclean, given by the Evangelists to the spirits ejected by Christ) "express their personal dispositions, or only these effects they were supposed to produce;" nay, even *αὐτὸς δαίμων* (Caco-Demon) with him is "not a wicked demon!" See note in p. 61. And he tells in another part of his work, p. 352. that "Infirmities, plagues, and evil spirits, seem to be mentioned only as so many distinct species of diseases." These suppositions (for they are merely such) may seem at first sight to afford some excuse for his ascribing to the agency of God the declared effects of "unclean spirits." But his error has still a deeper root; he has, in another tract, ascribed to the agency of God that which no less than three Evangelists have expressly registered amongst the transactions of the devil himself, (I mean the temptation of Christ by the devil in the wilderness); and he roundly exculpates Satan from the charge; and yet all this is carried on in such smooth language, and with such seeming plausibility, that the author himself is apparently deluded by his own sophistry and mistaken conclusions: for, notwithstanding the plain testimony of the Evangelists above-mentioned concerning the agony of the Devil and Satan in that temptation; yet our author is pleased to assert, that it "is to be understood as a history, not of a fact, but of a vision. As such, says he, the writer of the Gospel expressly represents it" (by which, it seems, this learned author is so far blinded by hypothesis, as to forget the true meaning of the word expressly; for not one of the writers of the Gospel have expressed the least idea about a vision in this particular case; and yet he asserts, that they expressly represent it) "without leaving us" (says he) "as the sacred penmen have been thought to do in other instances, to collect it from the nature and circumstances of the relation. They likewise (continues he) represent this vision" (he must mean this vision of his own imagination—this vision of a vision; for the Evangelists cannot be justly charged with any such representation) "not as diabolical, but divine; ascribing it" (says he) "to the spirit of God." ("An inquiry," &c. p. 64, 65.) Now what shall we say to the assertion of this critic, when we turn to the Evangelists themselves, and find, that they are so far from ascribing any such supposed vision of a temptation to the Spirit of God, that they expressly mention the Devil or Satan as the tempter; and do not express or represent a single word about a vision

in that particular case: nevertheless, our Commentator boldly adds to this monstrous perversion of the evidence the following mockery of truth, viz.—“So that to all the other arguments urged above (says he) we may add (what we before promised to produce) the authority “of the evangelists” (whom he most notoriously contradicts) “and the “express Letter of the Text” (which as notoriously contradicts him) “in confutation (says he) of those, who misconstrue Christ’s temptation, either as an outward transaction, or as an illusion of Satan.” Inquiry, &c. p. 65. See also his proposition, p. 36.—“that all the “Evangelists, who have mentioned this affair, do, in express terms, “affirm, that it passed spiritually and in vision, that it was an ideal or “mental representation; and consequently could not be an outward “transaction.” Now, “If such a method of explaining Scripture,” (as he himself censures others in, p. 372. of his Essay on the Demoniacks, &c.) “be allowed, language can be of no use!”

“He may think it a generous action, perhaps, to excuse, or endeavour to exculpate an adversary (and more especially such an inveterate adversary as Satan himself) from the most baneful and malicious attempt that was ever made against the happiness of mankind! But this generosity (or whatever else it may be called) to the enemy, is productive of consequences which the learned author (had he been aware of them) would not, perhaps, be willing to adopt: for his doctrine of Satan’s innocence in this matter (viz. that “there was no real presence or agency of Satan on this occasion,” p. 63.—that “the “Devil was not really and personally present with Christ, but only “in mental representation; and consequently could act no part in “this whole transaction,” p. 62. and that the Evangelists “represent “this vision” [as he is pleased to call it] “not as diabolical, but divine; ascribing it to the Spirit of God,” p. 65.) This doctrine, I say, of Satan’s innocence, not only deprives Christ, “the Son of Man,” of that actual triumph and victory, which he gained in his human nature (for the restoration of mankind) over the temptation of “the “prince of this world; but it also necessarily implies, that God himself was the tempter; which, if not downright blasphemy, is at least a doctrine which is expressly contradicted in Scripture—for there we read, that “God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any “man.” (James i. 13.) And though there are several passages of Scripture wherein God is said to tempt, yet they are all clearly to be understood in a different sense from the tempting mentioned by the Apostle James, which was a tempting, or being tempted of evil, apparently meaning a temptation to Sin. And in other passages, where the latter, or indeed any spiritual influence of evil whatever, is to be understood, the evil spirit, or real agent in the evil, is generally mentioned; and in that case the agency cannot be “ascribed to the Spirit “of God,” without gross absurdity, at least, if not blasphemy! even though the Spirit be expressly declared to be “from the Lord,” as in the case of Saul related in 1 Sam. xvi. 14. where we read, that “an “evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.”

“Now this expression, if we regard the literal meaning of it, clearly implies, not only, that the evil spirit came by the permission of God
(as

(as it was "an evil spirit from the Lord") but also that the said evil spirit was really "the agent" which troubled Saul.

Our author proceeds to object to the same writer's exposition of the disorder of Saul; which he imputes to a deep melancholy; meaning a natural disease. The futility of this supposition, Mr. Sharp tells us, he intends to shew in a separate tract on the case of Saul: of which we shall give our readers timely information; taking our leave of the present tract, with its author's declaration concerning Liberty of Conscience and the expediency of our Clergy's subscribing to the articles of the Church.

"It is reasonable and just, indeed, that all men should be at liberty to teach and profess whatever religious opinions they think most consistent with the Holy Scriptures, if we except any publick promulgation of that religion, which offends against the laws of this nation, as a civil society, by asserting a foreign jurisdiction; and which has also unhappily adopted some antichristian rites of idolatry, sorcery and enchantments!

But the petitioners cannot allege that they are not already at liberty to bear a publick testimony of their opinions; and it would be dangerous even to the true religion, were not such liberty of conscience allowed: for supposing any material alteration should be permitted to be made in the articles and liturgy of the Church of England, a great majority, perhaps, of the present churchmen might think themselves obliged to dissent, and separate from what would then be called, the Established Church; and would certainly think themselves intitled to a free toleration, and a public use of the present liturgy in their several separate congregations.

I am therefore a sincere advocate for Liberty of Conscience; but when a majority of the clergy and people have agreed upon the articles of their faith, and established the same as the national profession of religion, (which it surely is while the majority continue of that opinion) it is certainly no unjust restraint nor derogation from that necessary liberty above-mentioned, that those who are to be admitted public teachers of the national profession, should be required to subscribe a declaration that they approve and will maintain the same. For otherwise the uniformity of doctrine would be banished from the pulpits, and the peace of congregations would be continually disturbed by the broaching of undigested notions diametrically opposite to the general and established opinions of the people; and even the publick form of prayer would be reduced and moulded according to the caprice of every officiating minister; for there can be no church government without a written test of doctrine, couched in such terms as are least liable to misconstruction and equivocation. The Catholick or Universal Church in every age, and in every place, hath ever had its tests of doctrine, or particular creeds, to which the assent of all persons, but more particularly the assent of the clergy, was always required; so that the Church of England is not singular in requiring the assent or sub-

scription of those persons who desire to be admitted and authorized by the national church as publick teachers and expounders of the Christian Faith."

S.

Letters, from Lord Chesterfield, to Alderman George Faulkner, Dr. Madden, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Derrick, and the Earl of Arran. Being a Supplement to his Lordship's Letters. 4to. 2s. Wallis.

So much has been recently said and written, upon the epistolary talents of Lord Chesterfield, that critical encomium or censure would be now equally superfluous. Let it suffice, therefore, to say of the letters before us, that they bear the strongest internal marks of their being genuine. His Lordship's letters to Mr. Faulkner, in particular, afford a striking example of that ironical facetiousness and pleasantry, for which he was peculiarly remarkable. At the same time, also, they exhibit as striking an instance of the wonderful utility of a good butt to a professed wit. Mr. Alderman Faulkner was, indeed, so singularly and egregiously useful in this particular, that we can readily forgive the simulation and dissimulation of the Noble Earl, in playing upon him even to the last.—We should deprive our readers of much entertainment, did we not give them a specimen or two of this curious correspondence.

LETTER II.

TO GEORGE FAULKNER, ESQUIRE.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

Bath, November 11, 1752.

YOU judged very rightly (as you always do) in thinking that I have the greatest esteem for the works of the bishop of Cloyne, and you acted very kindly (as you always do too) in sending them to me. I have since received them from the bishop himself, but feloniously printed in London by Tonson and Draper, and, like most stolen goods, strangely altered and disguised, as well by larger and whiter paper, as by ink of the blackest dye. I always expect your packets with impatience, and receive them with pleasure; but that pleasure would be much more complete, if some productions of your own now and then accompanied the excellent ones which you send me of other people. I must freely tell you that you have been long enough the celebrated and successful man-midwife of other people's conceptions, and it is now high time that you should take up the other end of the business, and beget, conceive, and bear fruit yourself. The most illustrious of your predecessors did so. The Stephens's, the Alduses, and many others, acted as men-midwives to the greatest authors; but then they acted as men too, and begot, as well as delivered: and indeed there is such a relation and connection between those two operations, that it is next to impossible that one who has been so able as you have been in the one, should

should be deficient in the other. You have moreover one advantage which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others whose productions they brought to light, but were obliged to exhibit them in the always-imperfect, often-deformed, state in which they found them, in ragged and worn-eaten vellum and parchment. Whereas you have been always at the fountain head; you have not only printed and read, but you have heard Swift, Berkeley, and all the best authors of the Irish Augustan age. You have conversed with, you have been informed, and to my knowledge consulted by, them. Should you ask me, my friend, what sort of work I would particularly point out to you, I can only answer, consult your genius, which will best direct you; if it does not lead you, or rather hurry you, whether you will or not, into poetry, do not attempt verse, but take the more common manner of writing, which is prose. Cicero himself had better have done so. A *Typographia Hibernica*, which no man in the kingdom is more capable of doing well than yourself, would be a useful work, and becoming your character. I do not recommend to you any ludicrous performances: they must flow naturally, or they are good for nothing; and though, were it only by your long and amicable collision with Sheridan, Delany, Swift, and others, you must be very strongly impregnated with particles of wit and humour, yet I take your natural turn to be grave and philosophical. A collection of *Anas* would admit of all subjects, and, in a volume or two of *Swiftiana*, you might both give and take a sample of yourself, by slipping in some *Faulkneriana*; the success of which would, I am persuaded, engage you to go further. Biography should, in my mind, be your next step, for which you appear to be thoroughly qualified, by the clear and impartial accounts, which your hebdomadal labours give of the deaths of all people of note. History would soon follow, which in truth you have been writing these many years, though perhaps without thinking so. What is history but a collection of facts and dates? Your Journal is a collection of facts and dates; then, what is your Journal but history? Our friend, the chief baron, with whom I have often talked upon this subject, has always agreed with me, that, in the fitness of things, it was necessary you should be an author; and I am very sure that, if you consult him, he will join with me in exhorting you to set about it forthwith. Whenever you assume that character, I claim a very strong dedication with the first copy of the work, as an old friend, which, joking apart, I sincerely am, and

Your humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Elackheath, September 15, 1753.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THOUGH I am very sorry for your quarrels in Ireland, by which I am sure the public must suffer, let who will prevail; I gladly accept your kind offer of sending me the controversial productions of the belligerent

gerant parties. Pray do not think any of those polemical pieces too low, too grub-freet, or too scurrilous to send me; for I have leisure to read them all, and prefer them infinitely to all other controversial performances. I have often wished, and wish it now more than ever, that you were in parliament, where, in my opinion, your coolness, gravity, and impartiality, would greatly contribute to calm if not to cure those animosities. Virgil seems prophetically to have pointed at you, in his description of a person qualified to sooth and moderate popular tumults. These are the lines, which will perhaps be more intelligible to us both in Dryden's translation, than in the original:

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He sooths, with sober words, their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

I am not very superstitious; but I am persuaded that, if you were to try the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, you would open the book at that very place. That incomparable and religious prince, king Charles the first, consulted them with great faith, and to his great information.

There is one thing which I would much rather know, than all the contending parties in Ireland say or write against each other, and that is, your real sentiments upon the whole; but all that I know of them is, that I never shall know them; such is your candour, and such is your caution. The celebrated Atticus seems to me to have been your prototype. He kept well with all parties, so do you; he was trusted and consulted by individuals on all sides, so are you; he wrote some histories, so have you; he was the most eminent bookseller of the age he lived in, so are you; and he died immensely rich, and so will you. It is true he was a knight, and you are not, but that you know is your own fault; and he was an epicurean, and you are a stoic.

For the next seven weeks pray direct your packets to me at Bath, where I am going next week, as deaf as ever your friend the Dean was, and full as much, though not so profitably,

Your friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray make my compliments to your friend Mr. Bristow when you see him.

The following are written in the same strain of pleasant irony.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 13, 1754.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THESE things never happened to your prototype Atticus, even in the height and rage of the civil dissensions at Rome; and yet I will venture to affirm that he neither was, nor could be, more prudent, cautious, and circumspect, than yourself. But there is a chance, a fatality, which we cannot define, that attends particular men, and parties.

VOL. VI.

Y y

last times. Pompey the Great was publicly insulted upon the Roman stage, and the actor obliged to repeat that part a second and a third time: and you, my friend, it seems, have been most unaccountably, and unjustly I will add, disturbed for a slight omission in your weekly historical labours. I have, upon this occasion, searched for precedents among all the best Greek and Latin historians, and I cannot find the drinking of any one political health recorded by any one of them. Perhaps the Greeks and Romans had not parts enough to invent those ingenious toasts which make so shining a figure in the late annals of Ireland, and possibly it might not occur to them, that the health of any particular day or event long past, could, with any propriety, be drank, or perhaps the injudicious historians might think the mention of them below the dignity of history; but be that as it will, it is certain that neither Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, nor Tacitus, say one word of bumpers, toasts, political, loyal or patriot healths. You stand therefore fully justified by precedents. But, however, as wise men will, to a certain degree, conform to prevailing, though perhaps absurd, customs, why should you not repair your omission by a more minute and circumstantial account of those elegant drinking bouts or *Symposia* than any of your co-temporary historians have yet thought fit to give? Why not relate, circumstantially, the convivial wit and urbanity of those polite compositions, the serious, the jocular, the ironical and satyrical toasts, the numbers of bottles guzzled down and spewed up again, the political discourses and plans of government attempted, and now and then interrupted by hiccups and four eruptions, the downfall of heroes weltering in their vomit, and, in short, the exact detail of those *Noctes Atticae*. The style of your late friend the Dean, of which you are master, seems admirably adapted to this descriptive part of your historical works, and one way or other you would please all your readers by it. The performers themselves must be glad to see their achievements recorded and transmitted to posterity. Their enemies perhaps (such is the malignity of the human heart) would not be sorry. Only sober people would or could object to it; and they are too few, and too inconsiderable to deserve your attention.

The riot at the playhouse was so extraordinary a one, and lasted so long, that I cannot imagine where the civil magistrate, assisted by the military force, was all that time. I am sorry for Sheridan's loss, but I carry my thoughts much farther; and I consider all these events, as they may in their consequences affect you; the precedent seems a dangerous one, and *proximus ardet Eucalygon*. I take the playhouse to be the shop of the proprietor, and the plays that he acts his goods, which those that do not like them, are not obliged to take, and need not go to his shop; but those who enter it forcibly, destroy his scenes, benches, &c. are perhaps a more dangerous sort of shop-lifters. Now consider, my friend, the near relation that there is between your shop and Mr. Sheridan's. You have, I believe, printed all that he has ever acted, and a great deal more. If therefore these vigorous correctors of the theatre, should take it into their heads to be likewise the correctors of you, what might be the consequence? I will not anticipate by conjectures so gloomy a scene, but I will only say, with the bishop of St. Asaph, *our enemies will tell us with pleasure.*

Pray

Pray send me your bill for the innumerable pamphlets, sheets, and half-sheets, which you have been so kind to transmit to me from Dublin. I have, being very idle, read them all, and cannot say that many of them entertained me; but all together they gave me serious concern, to find a people that I love so divided and distracted by party feuds and animosities, of which in the mean time the public is the victim. That Providence and your own prudence may protect you, is sincerely wished by,

Your faithful friend, and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 16, 1759.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I FIND, with pleasure, that you do not forget your old friends, though become useless to you, to themselves, and to the whole world. Dr. Lawfon's lectures, which I received from you last week, were a most welcome proof of it. I had read them with all the satisfaction that I expected, from my knowledge and esteem of the author. His design is laudable, and his endeavours able, but yet I will not answer for his success. His plan requires much study and application, and, consequently, much time; three things that few people will care to bestow upon so trifling an accomplishment as that of speaking well: for in truth, what is the use of speaking, but to be understood, and if one is but understood, surely one speaks well enough of all conscience. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it than that which Dr. Lawfon proposes; for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Now if a man has nothing to do but to drink a great deal in order to be eloquent (that is as long as he can speak at all), I will venture to say that Ireland will be, what ancient Greece was, the most eloquent nation in the world without Dr. Lawfon's assistance, and even without loss of time or business. I must observe to you by the way, that the Roman *Calix* was not a certain stated measure, but signified a glass, a tumbler, a pot, or any vessel that contained wine; so that by the rule of *pars pro toto*, it may perhaps be extended to a copper, which contains a torrent of this portable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawfon, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me, in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well, as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am your faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 7, 1760.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

WHAT mean all these disturbances in Ireland? I fear you do not exert, for I cannot suppose that you have lost that authority, which your impartiality, dignity, and gravity, had so deservedly procured you. You know I always considered Virgil's *pietate gravum virum* as your prototype, and, like him, you have allayed former popular commotions, and calmed civil disturbances. You will, perhaps, tell me that no dignity, no authority whatsoever, can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can? Will the multitude, enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters who were full as drunk as they are, only with claret? no. You are the only neutral power now in Ireland, equally untainted by the outrageous effects of whisky, or the dull stupefaction of claret; and therefore I require from you, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica, Capesse Rempublicam?*

Do you really mean to turn my head with the repeated doses of flattery which you have lately sent me? Consider that long illness has weakened it, and that it has now none of the ballast which yours has to keep it steady. It is so apt to turn of itself, that the least breeze of flattery may over-set it. But, perhaps, there may be some degree of self-love in your case; for in truth, I was the only lord lieutenant that you ever absolutely governed; but do not mention this, because I am said to have had no favourite.

Let me advise you, as a friend, not to engage too deep in the expense of a new, and pompous quarto edition of your friend Swift. I think you may chance to be, what perhaps you would not choose to be, a considerable loser by it. Whosoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has Swift, and unless you have some new pieces, and those too not trifling ones to add, people will not throw away their present handy and portable octavos, for expensive and unweildy quartos. How far indeed the name (you are so much superior to quibbles, that you can bear and sometimes even smile at them) of *quartos* may help them off in Ireland I cannot pretend to say. After all this, I am very seriously,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 1, 1762.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

FROM my time down to the present, you have been in possession of governing the governors of Ireland, whenever you have thought fit to meddle with business; and if you had meddled more with some, it might,

might, perhaps, have been better for them and better for Ireland. A proof of this truth is, that an *out* governor, no sooner received your commands, than he sent them to the *in* governor, who, without delay, returned him the inclosed answer, by which you know what you have to do.

I send you no news from hence, as it appears, by your journal, that you are much better informed of all that passes, and of all that does not pass, than I am; but one piece of news I look upon myself in duty bound to communicate to you, as it relates singly to yourself. Would you think it, Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake not, was one of your *Symposion* while you was in London, and if so the worse man he, takes you off, as it is vulgarly called; that is, acts you in his new Farce, called the *Orators*. As the government here cannot properly take notice of it, would it be amiss that you should shew some spirit upon this occasion, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by bringing an action against him; I do not mean for writing the said farce, but for acting it. The doctrine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sidney; but my lord Coke, in his incomparable notes upon Littleton, my lord chief justice Hales, in his Pleas of the Crown, my lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law that *agere est agere*. And this is exactly Mr. Foote's case with regard to you; therefore any orders that you shall think fit to send to me, in this affair as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of, Faulkner versus Foote, or bringing a common action upon the case, which I should think would be the best of all, the case itself being actionable, shall be punctually executed by

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 4, 1763.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MANY thanks to you for your letter, many thanks to you for your Almanack, and more thanks to you, for your friend Swift's Works, in which last, to borrow an expression of Cicer's, you have outdone your usual outdoings; for the paper is white-ish, and the ink is black-ish; I only wish that the margin had been a little broader; however, without flattery, it beats Elzevir, Aldus, Vascosan, and I make no doubt but that, in seven or eight hundred years, the learned and the curious in those times, will, like the learned and the curious in these, who prefer the impression of a book to the matter of it, collect with pains and expence all the books that were published ex *Typographia Faulkneriana*.—But I am impatient to congratulate you upon your late triumph: you have made (if you will forgive a quibble upon so serious a subject) your enemy your Foot-stool; a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens

Athens over Aristophanes, nor the great Pompey at Rome, over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him under the name of Magnus, by which he was universally known, and to tell him from the stage, *Miseriis nostris Magnus Magnus es*. A man of less philosophy than yourself, would, perhaps, have chastised Mr. Foote corporally, and have made him feel that your wooden leg which he mimicked, had an avenging arm to protect it; but you scorned so glorious a victory, and called justice, and the laws of your country to punish the criminal, and to avengé your cause. You triumphed; and I heartily join my weak voice to the loud acclamations of the good citizens of Dublin upon this occasion. I take it for granted that some of your many tributary wits have already presented you with gratulatory poems, odes, &c. upon this subject: I own I had some thoughts myself of inscribing a short poem to you upon your triumph; but, to tell you the truth, when I had writ not above two thousand verses of it, my Muse forsook me, my poetic vein stopped, I threw away my pen, and I burned my poem, to the irreparable loss not only of the present age, but also of latest posterity.

I very seriously and sincerely wish you a great many very happy new years; and am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I like your messenger, young Dunkin, mightily: he is a very sensible, well-behaved young man.

But we must not trespass much farther on the property of the publisher of these entertaining letters; we shall take our leave of them; therefore, with the quotation only of one or two more.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 22, 1766.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU reproach me gently, but with seeming justice, for my long silence; I confess the fact, but think that I can, in some degree at least, excuse it. I am grown very old, and both my mind and my body feel the sad effects of old age. All the parts of my body now refuse me their former assistance, and my mind (if I may use that expression) stutters, and is as unready as any part of my body. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that I delayed writing to such a critic and philosopher as you are. However, I will not trust to your indulgence.

I thank you for the book you sent me, in which there is great labour and great learning; but I confess that it is a great deal above me, and I am now too old to begin to learn Celtic.

Your

Your septennial patriotic bill is unfortunately lost here, and I humbly presume, to the great joy of the patriots who brought it in, to whom one may apply what has hitherto been charged as a blunder upon our country, that *they have got a loss*. It is not the case with a Habeas Corpus act, if they can ever get one, and were nobody wiser than I, you should have one to-day; for I think every human creature has a right to liberty, which cannot with justice be taken from him, unless he forfeits it by some crime.

I cannot help observing, and with some satisfaction, that heaven has avenged your cause, as well and still more severely, than the courts of temporal justice in Ireland did, having punished your adversary Foote in the part offending. The vulgar saying, that mocking is catching, is verified in his case; you may, in your turn, mock him, without danger to your adopted leg.

Adieu, my good friend; be as well as ever you can, and as serenely cheerful as you please. I need not bid you grow rich, for you have taken good care of that already, and if you were now to grow richer, you would be overgrown, and, after all, *est modus in rebus*. I am very seriously, and truly,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

A C A R D.

LORD Chesterfield sends his compliments to his good friend Mr. Faulkner, hungers and thirsts after him, and hopes that he will take some mutton with him at Blackheath, any day or days that he has leisure.

Blackheath, August 13, 1766.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 7, 1767.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I AM to thank you, and I heartily do thank you, for your kind and welcome present. You have clothed your own friend the Dean very richly, and suitably to his merit, and your own present dignity; but, after all, the poor Dean pays dear for his own fame; since every scrap of paper of his, every rebus, quibble, pun and conversation joke is to be published, because it was his. It is true his *Bagatelles* are much better than other people's; but still many of them, I believe, he would have been sorry to have had published. How does your new dignity agree with you? Do you manfully withstand the attacks of claret? or do you run into the danger to avoid the apprehension? You may set the fashion of sobriety if you please, and a singular one it will be; for I dare say that, in the records of Dublin, there is no one instance to be found of a sober high sheriff. Remember Sir William Temple's rule, and consider that every glass of wine that you drink

drink beyond the third, is for Foote, the only enemy that I believe you have in the world. I am sure you have a friend, though a very useless one, in

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

To this pamphlet is prefixed an elegant little engraving of the head of Mr. Faulkner.

A Genuine Narrative of the Life and Theatrical Transactions of Mr. John Henderson, commonly called the Bath Roscius *. 8vo. 1s. Evans.

Time was, when, in this uncivilized nation, the theatrical Transactions of a Country Comedian came under the cognizance only of a barn-full of country boobies, and his worship the neighbouring country justice. They were not deemed worthy the pen of the Biographer; but the life of the strolling player was consigned to the pen of the scribbler of Comic Romance. The humour of the sock could not protect the buffoon from the Beadle, nor the dignity of the bulkin preserve the hero from Bridewell.—But times are changed, and, in imitation of our polished neighbours the French, we begin to think the life, character and transactions of a Comedian, of as much importance to the world, and as deserving the dignity of Biography, as those of an Alexander the Great, a Louis the fourteenth, or a Sixteen-string Jack. Royal theatres have been erected in our country towns, and of course have raised into consequence our country comedians; no longer doomed, as heretofore, to pick up a precarious subsistence, like barn door fowls, among the sweepings of the wheat straw. Like such cocks too, they begin to crow, and, in imitation of the great bantam Roscius, to strut and clap their wings accordingly. As it is the humour of the age, we shall, therefore, give into this opinion of the mighty importance of the mimic tribe; and treat

* By way of distinguishing him from Mr. Garrick; frequently stiled Roscius, and now more emphatically distinguished by his chronicle encomiasts, under the name of the *real* Roscius: either by way of insinuating, that the soul of the Roman Roscius had really and *bona fide* transmigrated into Mr. Garrick, or that our Bath Roscius is, like a bath-metal ring, only a counterfeit. If the latter, we will venture to predict we shall have many more: nay, we have an Edinburgh Roscius already, and shall have our Birmingham Roscius, our Redriff Roscius; and, who knows if, amidst this humour of Rosciusing, Mr. Ros himself may not give a Latin termination to his name and claim a superiority in right of inheritance! *Rev.*

the

the present performance with a gravity equal to its consequence. For, as our Biographer sagely remarks, "The dignity of the person gives consequence to trifles. A Garrick quarrelling with Henderson for a straw, becomes an object of attention."—With becoming caution, therefore, to give no offence to the dignity of such illustrious personages, we shall lay before our readers an extract or two from the narrative before us.

Before we enter upon this, however, we must pay the deference due to the Biographer himself; who, we understand, is * of the same dignified and illustrious profession. It were against all the rules, therefore, of literary good breeding, not to let him speak first.—Take then his preliminary advertisement.

"Perhaps no man, who through his whole life has behaved so inoffensively as Mr. Henderson, was ever more severely as well as unjustly treated. The dispensers of theatrical favours, instead of considering him as a candidate for fame, and one who had some claim to their protection and encouragement, seemed to have viewed him with an hostile eye. When two great Managers, men distinguished for their various abilities, had discouraged his application for employment in London, he found patronage at Bath from the nobility and all ranks of people, who either reside in, or occasionally visit, that city. His success there made him hope that the ample approbation of those who form the most considerable and polite part of a London audience, might probably prove the passport of recommendation to the gentlemen patentees of our established theatres; but his ambition was disappointed, and these men, who are thought to have the eyes of a lynx in whatever regards their own interest, were either overstocked with actors of genius, so as to find no room for Henderson, or looked upon him as a man of small abilities, and not worthy of their bidding a very moderate price for him.

"The following sheets contain a plain narrative of facts, vouchers of which can be produced if demanded. No colouring has been attempted, except, perhaps, in describing Henderson's first interview with Mr. Foote; so glaring a subject might possibly demand some particular exertion, at least an attempt to draw the peculiar manner of that remarkable man; and it is hoped, that though the portrait should be faint and unequal, it may be tolerated.

"Truths will often offend, we know, merely because they are truths; and if offence should arise here, it can proceed from nothing else. A short vindication of Mr. Henderson was thought necessary. He has been made the subject of much unjust obloquy and illiberal censure, for no other reason in the world than because he is successful; the plan of his enemies was concerted with a view to make him

* We might have said *has been*, as, like other great personages, he some time since resigned and retired; not, however, to solitude and idleness; but, like a man of mettle, to bustling business; throwing away his truncheon only to take up the goose-quill and the folding-stick. *Ecce signum!*

VOL. VI.

Z z

a drawer

a drawer of water and hewer of wood through life. Had he continued still a turn-spit at Bath, I mean confined to the drudgery of Mr. Palmer's theatre, where he might have acted thirty new characters in a season, how happy and how pleased would his enemies have been!

But mark the consequence of acting with applause at a London theatre royal. Then the criticks, and others their associates, open in full cry against him; one calls him a pragmatikal puppy for daring to act Garrick's parts, as if Garrick, like the Emperor Tiberius, wished the world on fire when he was dead. Another tells him that he cannot act a particular character, because he has neither voice nor figure suitable to it. However, he bids him be of good comfort, for if he will but listen to his advice, he will, notwithstanding these eminent defects, teach him to act it very well; that is, he will make him a present of a strong voice and a large figure.

One reproaches him with imitating Garrick too much; but before he has finished his critical lecture, he advises him not to be so fond of himself, but to copy the great Roscius more exactly.

One man declares that he is a fellow of no family; so that poor Henderson is reduced to give some account of his parentage, for fear he should be in Prince Prettyman's case, in the Rehearsal, who was not unhappy to be called the fisherman's son, but to be thought that he came into the world without a father.

The terms insolent, arrogant, avaricious, and impudent, have been most liberally bestowed upon him in private conversation, and in the public prints,

However, he cannot be very unhappy, since the kind publick, who are always willing to support the smallest promise of ability, and the least spark of genius, and to encourage any the least indication of diligence and assiduity, have taken him by the hand.

“He wishes to stand or fall by their decision only.

“Many expressions of ill-will, and of unprovoked resentment, unworthy the mouths of those who uttered them, are entirely suppressed; much peevish and spiteful behaviour, to say no worse, from persons of known eminence (though to publish such kind of anecdotes would gratify many curious people) is silently passed over. Matters that would bear the highest colouring and warmest tints, if theatrical history could deserve them, are thrown into shade. The whole is submitted to the impartial reader.”

Such is our Biographer's introduction.—In the narrative itself (much more properly styled “Anecdotes of Mr. Henderson,”) he sets out with relieving poor Henderson from the pitiful predicament of Prince Prettyman, by acquainting us that

“Mr. John Henderson, the Actor, was born in London; his family was originally Scotch, and was settled at Fordell, a town in the north of Scotland. He is descended in a *right* line from the famous Dr. Alexander Henderson, who maintained the cause of the Covenant, and the Presbyterian church discipline, in a conference at the

file of Wight with Charles the First, in opposition to the hierarchy and the government of the Church by Bishops."

O tempora ! O mores ! What a falling off is here ! A descendant of Dr. Alexander Henderson, the Anti-hierarchist, the Covenanter, the Presbyterian protector of the Kirk against the abomination of Episcopacy, become a stage-player ! How are the mighty fallen ! How is the family degenerated ! Why this is a worse abomination than Episcopacy, even as much as the stage is under a worse discipline than the church ! And yet our bold-faced Biographer has the confidence to tell us, this descent is in a *right line*. O shame ! where is thy blush ! But we leave him to the chastisement of the King at Arms for Scotland, the legal protector of Scotch lineage and emblazoner of Scotch pedigree, and proceed with his narrative.

"He discovered, in his early youth, a propensity to drawing, and was, for some time, a pupil of Mr. Fournier, an eminent master in that art. He was soon after invited to the house of a near relation, a silversmith of a very considerable business, in St. James's-street, who purposed to employ him in making drawings and designs for his own profession ; but the death of this gentleman put an end to all schemes of that nature.

"When Mr. Henderson was very young, his mother put a volume of Shakspeare into his hands ; the constant reading of this author inspired him with a passion for representing on the stage characters so much admired by him in his closet : he fancied that he understood and could act them with propriety.

"So long as ten years since, he made application to Mr. George Garrick, and begged that gentleman would hear him rehearse, and give his judgment of his abilities for the stage. His voice was then so feeble, that he was told by Mr. G. Garrick, that he could not possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any theatre ; and indeed, at that time, his friends were apprehensive that he was in danger of falling into a consumptive habit.

"In a few years he recovered health and spirits : he was still pursued by an ardent passion for acting. By Mr. Becket's interest, he was introduced to the Manager of Drury-Lane.

"The permission to attend the levee of so great a man as Mr. Garrick, was, for some time, sufficient food to Henderson's appetite ; who thought it a degree of happiness to be favoured with half a look, to be smiled upon, to be saluted with a distant bow, to be asked in familiar terms the news of the day.

"But when he understood, by that great mistress of instruction, Experience, that he could make no progress by the closest attendance in his favourite plan of raising his fortune by acting ; that the great dispenser of theatrical favours was engaged either in business or in pleasure ; he began to feel all that anxiety and vexation which must affect a liberal mind ; that painful situation, that corroding torture, which Cowley so emphatically describes :

"—— Is there a man on earth I hate ?

"Attendance and dependence be his fate."

"Tired with paying daily, though fruitless, homage to the pre-
siding genius of Drury-lane, he was determined to try his fortune with
the Acting Manager of Covent-garden Theatre, Mr. Colman, a gen-
tleman *equally* celebrated for his polite behaviour, and his learning and
genius. But here he was miserably disappointed: for the first question
this Manager put to him was, whether he had ever been upon the
stage before, or was a principal performer? Our young Hero was dis-
concerted with this unexpected demand; and modestly answered, that
he wished to know the Manager's opinion, whether he had any thea-
trical abilities or not? Mr. Colman gave him no opportunity to display
his talents, and dismissed him rather abruptly.

After two years close attendance and constant solicitation, Mr. Gar-
rick condescended to grant Henderson a day of audience; he heard
him rehearse several scenes in variety of characters. After some hesi-
tation, the Manager gave it as his opinion, that his voice was not
sufficiently melodious or clear, nor his pronunciation articulate enough;
or, to make use of his own terms, "that he had in his mouth too
much wool or worsted, which he must absolutely get rid of before he
was fit for Drury-lane stage." However, not to discourage him en-
tirely, he furnished him with a letter to Mr. Palmer, the Manager of
the Bath Company, who engaged him at a salary of one guinea
per week."

Here our Biographer interrupts his narration, to indulge
himself, like other grave and judicious historians, in the follow-
ing reflections.

"It is not unreasonable to ask, what could induce a gentleman of
Mr. Garrick's excellent understanding and perfect knowledge of the
world, to hold in suspense a young fellow for so long a period of time
as two years; when, in all probability, his prospect of rising in life,
may his dependence for the means of support, might be derived from
his hopes of succeeding on the stage? Candour forbids we should im-
pute this conduct either to wantonness or malevolence; but, I fear, it
was owing to something equally pernicious to the sufferer, though not
proceeding from causes so censurable—To the giving way to an idle
custom of seeing dependents at a levee; to a mode of indulging un-
meaning proffers and promises of service; to the keeping up a bar-
barous parade of politeness, which few men of large fortune and great
power have resolution to break through.

"Henderson has complained to his intimate friends, that he has
often set out from his lodgings to the Manager's house in Southamp-
ton-street, with a heavy and desponding heart, and returned home more
melancholy than he set out.

"This custom of encouraging the vain attendance of expecting so-
licitors, is too frequent every where; but, I believe, more encouraged
by managers of theatres, than even by the first officers of the state.

"It would be ungenerous, as well as ungrateful, to deny the effi-
cacy of Mr. Garrick's recommendation of Henderson. When it was
buzzed about the rooms, in the walks, and all over the city of Bath,
that a new actor was arrived from London under the patronage of the
great Roscius, all people, of whatever rank, were eager to see the
plano-

phenomenon. The house was soon filled, and he had the satisfaction to act Hamlet to a very brilliant audience. His apprehension of not pleasing was so excessive, that he could scarce be heard at first; but the generous indulgence of the spectators, who felt their own importance in the awe and respect he paid them, soon eased him of his fears, and inspired him with courage. He finished his part not only with great applause, but loud acclamation.

"The Bath Manager, who found his account in the frequent employing of Henderson, plied him with a great variety of characters; he is supposed to have acted not much less than thirty different parts the first year of his engagement, and generally to large audiences. He became so great a favourite, that he very soon acquired the title of the Bath Roscius. People of the first rank spoke highly of his merit. Men of genius, such as Paul Whitehead, and Mr. Gainborough the painter, soon distinguished him from the common herd of Players. Dr. Schomberg and the amiable Mr. John Beard joined their voices to that of the publick in general, and recommended him warmly to the notice of the London Managers."

Notwithstanding all this success and sanction, however, it appears that these naughty London managers were not prevailed on to think equally favourable of him. He came to town, one season after another, to no purpose; it was their fixed opinion that he might do very well at Bath, but he would never succeed in London. It was in one of these peregrinations that he waited on the late Mr. Foote; his interview with whom is particularly described, as mentioned in the preceding advertisement. As this passage also appears to be a favourite one of our Biographer, and may give our readers an idea of the manners of that very excentric genius, we shall quote it entire.

"Before Henderson left London, he was advised to try if Mr. Foote would not give him an opportunity of shewing himself at his theatre in the Hay-market. Two friends accompanied him to North-End. Our modern Aristophanes welcomed the visitants with great civility; but such is the volatility of his genius, that it was not possible to announce the errand immediately; he must be permitted to indulge his peculiar humour, and to let off a few volubilities before he could be induced to hear of any business whatsoever. Foote's imagination is so lively, and his conceptions so rapid as well as exuberant, that his conversation is a cataract or torrent of wit, humour, pleasantry, and satire. The company had scarce unfolded their business, when he gave them the history of Sir Gregory Grinwell and my Lady Barbara Bramble. The whimsical situations into which he put his characters, with his lively and farcaical remarks, threw the company into convulsions of laughter.

"However, Henderson's friends thought it was now time to stop the current of Mr. Foote's vivacities, by informing him of the reason of their visit: one of them took the lead:—"Sir, our young friend, the Bath Roscius, would think himself extremely happy to have the
"opinion

"opinion of so acknowledged a judge of theatrical merit as you are; he wishes you would permit him to rehearse a scene of a play."

"Well, Sir, what are you for, the sock or the buskin? I'll be hanged if you are not quite enamoured of that bouncing brimstone Tragedy."—"Mr. Henderson is not confined, Sir, to either."—"Stick to the sock, young gentleman; the one is all nature, and the other all art and trick. Tragedy is meer theatrical bombast, the very fungus of the theatre. Come, Sir, give us a taste of your quality."—Here Henderson began a speech in Hamlet; when Foote, turning round to one of the company, said, "Have you not heard in what manner this impudent little scoundrel has treated me?"—"I protest, Sir, I don't know whom you mean."—"No! where have you left your apprehension? Let me but tell you what a damned trick he served me lately, by lending me a large sum of money."—"Consider, my dear Sir, the time grows late, and we are to dine in town."—"No, no," said Foote, "you shall dine with me upon a stewed rump of beef and a dish of fish. Now Mr. Henderson begin." Well, once more he endeavoured to open, when, behold! an unlucky joke, a *petite histoire*, some droll thought, or some unaccountable idea, prevented the disconcerted actor from displaying his powers of elocution. His case was now become extremely pitiable.

"However, after hearing this singular genius read an act of his new comedy, take-off Lady Betty Bigamy, recite the whole trial of himself and George Faulkner, ridicule the Irish Lord Chief Justice Robinson for condemning his Peter Paragraph for a libel, speak a prologue in the character of Peter, laugh at our most celebrated orators of the bar, mimic the Members of both Houses of Parliament, tell some ludicrous stories of Capt. Bodens and the Irish chairman; Henderson was permitted to repeat, without interruption, Mr. Garrick's prologue, which he spoke on his first appearance after his arrival from the continent. This being no caricature, but a genuine and fair representation of the great Roscius's manner, without the least exaggeration, we cannot be surprized that it did not make any impression upon Mr. Foote: however, he paid the speaker a compliment upon the goodness of his ear. Dinner was now announced; every thing was princely, and in splendid order. Wit flew about the table; I mean Mr. Foote's, for I would advise every man that has any wit of his own, who shall have the honour to dine with this gentleman, to bottle it up for another occasion, for he is himself master of enough, and to spare, for ten companies. I need not observe that many portraits were drawn, and some of them in a masterly stile.

"The humorous and satirical paintings of this gentleman are attributed by many to mere rancour and malevolence; I cannot be of that opinion; scarce any man, like Foote, who has been generous even to profusion, was ever known to be very malicious. The excellent Hogarth recorded faces for his humorous and moral pictures, as he walked in the park or in the streets, at the playhouse, or elsewhere; he stole whatever Nature presented to his view in all places, and made what he saw his own. So our modern Aristophanes obliges every friend and every foe to contribute to his characteristical plan. Every
man

man he is familiar with, sits to him for his picture, and thus he gets matter for his Comic Muse.

"When Henderfon took his leave of him, he whispered one of the company in the ear, "that he would not do." Mr. Foote confirmed the death-warrant that had been already signed by Garrick, Colman, Leake, and Harris."

In regard to the last-mentioned gentleman, Mr. Harris, our biographer is peculiarly severe, by annexing a postscript to his anecdotes; in which he accuses him of refusing Henderfon in a dishonourable and absolutely-affronting manner."

"The fact stands thus: about the middle, or rather towards the end of January 1775, an acquaintance of Mr. Henderfon, from his zeal to serve him, applied to Mr. Harris, and informed him that Henderfon was then totally disengaged from Mr. Palmer; which indeed was a solemn truth, for the latter had given the former a month's time to determine whether he would or not renew his articles of engagement with him. Upon this gentleman's application, Mr. Harris expressed an eager desire to encourage an actor, of whose great merit he had repeatedly heard so much from all sorts of people. I have befote me a copy of Mr. Henderfon's letter of application to the Manager, in which he offers his service upon the terms formerly prescribed by Mr. Garrick, his salary to be ascertained by two common friends, restricted to the proviso of its not exceeding 10*l.* nor being less than 5*l.* *per* week. I have likewise in my hand an original indeed, the Manager's remarkable answer, dated February 6th following, in which he insinuates, that he (Mr. Henderfon) might possibly be in treaty with Mr. Palmer; the reader will observe that he does not directly charge him with it; but his own words will best interpret his intention. "I informed him (meaning Mr. Henderfon's acquaintance) that if you was in treaty with my particular friend Mr. Palmer, or had any intention of continuing with him, I would by no means consent to come between you, whatever might be the eventual advantages of the Covent-Garden theatre;" but, without waiting for an answer from Henderfon, by which he might learn whether he was really or not in any treaty with Mr. Palmer, the Manager concludes his letter in the following very striking words:

"I must therefore inform you, that though I think myself much obliged to you for the preference you have given our theatre, I must now (whatever may be the result of your treaty) absolutely decline all thoughts of entering into any treaty with you for an engagement at our theatre." Here we see the doors of Covent-Garden theatre are barred against Henderfon for ever.

"The bare exposition of fact is of itself sufficiently strong and expressive; there needs no commentary to explain it. Henderfon's sole ambition was then, and always was, to appear on the London stage; no terms could be more moderate than those which he proposed. Compared to this extraordinary, and I had almost said insidious, conduct of Mr. Harris, Mr. Garrick's behaviour was generous and princely."

We are by no means for defending the dissingenuous and shuffling behaviour of theatrical managers, but when a man is accused of a conduct so insidious, that Mr. Garrick's, in the same line, is comparatively generous and princely, it makes one shudder to think of its comparative baseness. Our biographer says, that the bare exposition of the fact is sufficient, and there needs no commentary to explain that exposition. Now we think that, supposing the fact fairly stated, the inference by no means follows. Were the doors of Covent-garden theatre barred against Henderson *for ever*, because Harris declared he must *then* decline entering into any treaty with him?—Our Biographer, indeed, has not printed the word *now* in italics or small capitals, with the rest of the sentence; but it is legible enough in plain Roman, and is sufficiently strong and expressive.—Mr. Harris could not *at that time* engage Mr. Henderson; *ergo*, says our Biographer, he was excluded for ever. Certainly this sage casuist must have learnt to chop logic of the Graver-diggers in Hamlet: *argyl* we shall here take leave of the rest of his narrative, and the wise saws and sagacious sentences, with which it is occasionally interlarded.

For the sake of Mr. Henderson himself, who has undoubtedly great merit as an actor, we hope he was not accessory to the publication of this piece of biography, as the writer gives us reason to think, throughout the whole. Whatever truth it may contain, the publication of it was ill-judged; for the truth, whatever the respectable Mr. Thomas Davies may say, is not to be spoken at all times.

W.

The History of Great Britain, from the first Invasion of it by the Romans under Julius Cæsar. Written on a new Plan. By Robert Henry, D. D. one of the Ministers of Edinburgb. Volume the Third. 11. 1s. Cadell.

As the two first volumes of this work were published before the commencement of our Review, it may not be improper to inform our readers, that what Dr. Henry means by *writing his history on a new plan*, is that, instead of giving all the events, civil, military, literary, commercial, &c. in one continued narrative, he divides them into different sections, and finishes the account of one kind of incidents before he enters upon the relation of another.

The

The heads, or Chapters, into which he has divided his work, are these—1. The Civil and Military History of Great Britain. 2. The History of Religion in Great Britain. 3. History of Constitution, Government, and Laws of Great Britain. 4. The History of Learning. 5. History of the Arts. 6. History of Commerce, Coin, and Shipping. 7. The History of the Manners, Virtues, Vices, remarkable Customs, Language, Dress, Diet and Diversions of the People of Great Britain. The whole is concluded with an Appendix, containing a copy of *Magna Charta*, with an English translation; a Latin Epistle from Peter of Blois to one of his friends on a medical subject; and the permission of Richard I. for holding tournaments in England. This volume reaches from the Conquest to the death of King John, that is, from the year 1066 to 1216.

It is not to be supposed that, after the great number of Histories of England already published, Dr. Henry should be able to throw any additional light on the civil or military part of our annals; and accordingly we do not find, that his representation of these transactions differs essentially from that given by other writers. But it might naturally be thought, that he should at least have entertained us with some curious anecdotes relative to the learning, arts, and manners of our ancestors, especially as the method he has adopted, furnishes him with an opportunity of mentioning several minute and detached circumstances, which could not perhaps be so properly introduced into a history written on the usual plan. Of these, however, justice obliges us to confess, we have met with a much smaller number, than, from the apparent diligence and industry of the author, we were at first led to expect; and hence it is natural to conclude, that the English records do not abound with particulars of this kind. We shall present our Readers with the most remarkable that have occurred to us in the perusal of this work, after taking notice of some facts of a more general and interesting nature.

In page 352, Dr. Henry tells us, on the authority of *Ordericus Vitalis*, who was born in England only nine years after the Conquest, that the revenue of William I. amounted to the incredible sum of 1061 *l.* 10*s.* 1½*d.* per day, which (neglecting the fraction) was equal in efficacy to 15,915*l.* of our money per day, and to 5,808,975 per year. "This account, says he, extravagant as it may appear, is not very different from that which is given by Roger Hoveden, a contemporary historian, of the revenues of England in the reign of Richard I. When Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury was about to resign

the office of High Justiciary A. D. 1196, he proved from his books, that the revenue he had collected in England in the two preceding years, was no less than eleven thousand marks of silver; a great sum, equivalent to 11,000,000 at the above rate of computation, in two years, or 5,500,000 in one year."

What Dr. Henry means by "the above rate of computation," he explains afterwards, p. 545, 6 and 7, where he examines the opinion of Mr. Hume and that of Lord Lyttelton with regard to the value of money, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, compared to what it is at present. Both these writers agree, that any nominal sum of money contained nearly three times as much silver, in the former of these periods, as it does in the latter; for as to gold-coin, it was not then come into use. But they differ widely with regard to the quantity of provisions which a piece of money, of the same weight, (suppose, for instance, a piece of the weight of one of our crowns) would have purchased then, in comparison of what it will purchase at present. Mr. Hume thinks it would have purchased ten times as much then, as it will now; whereas Lord Lyttelton imagines, it would only have purchased five times as much. Dr. Henry shows, from an induction of particulars, that, of the two opinions, Lord Lyttelton's is the best founded; and it is according to his principles, that he forms his calculation.

The Dr. entertains an opinion, which, we apprehend, will rather be deemed heterodox, with respect to the antiquity of juries in England. They seem (he says, p. 357) to have been introduced in the reign of William I.: where, as it is the opinion of almost all our historians, antiquaries, and law-writers, that they were established here in the reign of king Alfred, if not before. As a specimen of the logical subtilities, which were so common in the schools, he gives us the following curious question, which was very seriously agitated by some of the most learned Doctors of the age.—"When a hog is carried to market with a rope about his neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the rope or by the man?"

Nor was the age less remarkable for credulity than quibbling; witness the following ridiculous story, related, with great gravity, by Giraldus Cambrensis, in his topography of Ireland. "When St. Kewen (says he) was one day praying with both her hands held up to Heaven, out of the window of her chamber, a swallow laid an egg in one of them; and such

was the patience and good-nature of the saint, that she neither drew in nor shut her hand till the swallow had built her nest, laid all her eggs, and hatched her young. To preserve the remembrance of this fact, every statue of St. Kewen in Ireland hath a swallow in one of its hands."

Dr. Henry is high in his praises of Chivalry, on account of the virtues it recommended; among which he reckons modesty and chastity; and yet he says the Normans, by whom this institution was brought into England, were so licentious in their manners, that they violated the honour of maids and matrons, whenever they had an opportunity, and that young women even of the first families, had no other chance of preserving their virtue, than by putting on the veil, and taking refuge in a nunnery. Hence it appears, that the precepts of chivalry, like those of morality and religion, however beautiful in theory, were not very easily put in practice.

The English, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had had only two stated meals a day, dinner and supper; the former at nine in the forenoon, the latter at five in the afternoon. These hours, besides being convenient for business, were supposed to be friendly to health and long life, according to the following verses, which were then often repeated;

Lever a cinq, diner a neuf,
Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante & neuf.
To rise at seven, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

We are not however, on that account to imagine, that they were either enemies or strangers to the pleasures of the table. On the contrary, they had not only a variety of dishes; but these too consisted of the most delicate kinds of food, and were dressed in the richest and most costly manner. Thomas a Becket is said to have given five pounds, equivalent to seventy-five pounds at present, for one dish of eels. The Monks of St. Swithins, at Winchester, made a formal complaint to Henry II. against their Abbot, for taking away three, of the thirteen dishes, they used to have every day, at dinner. The Monks of Canterbury were still more luxurious: for they had at least seventeen dishes every day; besides a dessert; and these dishes were dressed with spiceries and sauces, which excited the appetite, as well as pleased the taste.

As to the composition of this work we shall only observe, that the style is plain and perspicuous, though perhaps it is

somewhat deficient in dignity; and though Dr. Henry possesses neither the elegance of a Robertson, nor the vigour or penetration of a Hume, he yet deserves the character of a well-informed, faithful, and sensible historian.

A.

Travels for the Heart. Written in France, by Courtney Melmoth, 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Wallis.

Written in France! A pretty recommendation truly!—Or perhaps the author means it as an apology. If the latter, it argues at least the merit of modesty, as well as some degree of self-knowledge. To say the truth, we are sorry that our commendations cannot keep pace with the productions of this once-promising writer. In fact, these follow each other so rapidly, that we hope their author hath not much need of either viuals, drink, or sleep; for we cannot but conceive he must otherwise be deprived of his natural support, and that his strength of body must fail under the incessant labour of his imagination. The present travels in particular have all the appearance of being penned as they were performed, *per diligence* and *per post*: they are, of course, of such a kind as might naturally be expected; as he that runs may read, what he that rides must write.—We are glad at heart, however, for the honour of our country, that these *frivolities* are the product of their proper soil. We are persuaded, that in England even the pen of Mr. Melmoth, though writing post, would carry more weight. And yet he hath already acquired so much Gallic affrontery, as to attempt a justification of them in his preface, and to endeavour to pass these exotic levities on his own countrymen as worthy their attention. “The motive,” says he, “by which I am urged to write a preface to this little book of running remarks, is, chiefly, to enter a caveat against a charge, which precipitate readers may be pleased to bring against it, upon account of my having admitted *trifles*, that, at first sight, seem not worthy so much notice.”—If it were possible to meet with a reader more precipitate than the writer, his caveat might not be thrown away. To others it is superfluous and fertile; as they must be very superficial readers, indeed, who, on the lightest attention, do not find it engaged on very trifles.—As this author, however, has a peculiar knack at manufacturing this kind of literary haberdashery, we cannot refuse him the justice of laying before our readers, what he has to say in favour of it.

“Were

"Were not long prefaces a large evil, the defence of what appear to be *trifles*, in literature and in life, might lead into a pleasing speculation. But this is, in part, unnecessary, as many sentiments on this very subject are interwoven into the body of the book itself: a few *others*, however, press upon me just now to introduce them, and the reader is therefore invited to receive them courteously.

"In calling to mind a concise list of the most celebrated of those writers, who justly reflect so much credit on the genius of the country (to which, after all migrations of business, of pleasure, and of curiosity, I shall return with joy, as to the dear soil of my nativity) I find they are indebted for the lustre of their literary character, rather to the art of embellishing trifles, than to any formal description of the great, the grand, or the extraordinary.

"But this does not arise entirely, as some might suspect, from the superficiality of the age, which is said to take a delight in unimportant publications; nor does it proceed from want of depth in the genius of the writer. On the contrary, it is, in both cases, rather a matter for compliment than of censure. The proof of this requires no sophistry; but lies upon the surface open to every man's observation. That which is too obvious (and very many things are so) requires only a half-glance, of the most lack-lustre eye to be discovered. For instance; the spacious building, the stupendous mountain which seems ambitious of Heaven; the castle, whose emulous spire cleaveth the clouds; the forest, which fills the eye as far as it can sweep; and the appearance of an huge metropolis, like that of London, Constantinople or Paris, taken on the expanded scale, with all their towers, hospitals, palaces, and public buildings, are objects too unweildy to be missed; inasmuch that he who is not wont to observe, must perforce run his nose against them. Thus, things which are seen too plainly, are seen by every body, and scarce regarded by any body. A citizen of London, who hath many years resided in that metropolis, shall survey such a prodigious object as St. Paul's, and a native of Paris look upon the Louvre, and slightly tell you, that they are superb edifices, and the admiration of the world; but these praises are indeterminate, and make no durable impressions. Now, were we to take these two citizens into the body of these separate buildings, and imagine one of them to be an organist, and one a painter, they would discover their profession, and their hearts in five minutes. The organist would sound the keys of the instrument, and, with the ear of a connoisseur, be either pleased or pained, as it happened to be in, or out of tune, and the painter would execrate a picture for bearing marks, and almost imperceptible touches of awkwardness, although a common person, by looking at the picture, and hearing the organ, would say of the first, that it was beautiful, and of the second, that it was harmonious. The reason is, that the heart is generally in love with its old habits, and artists attend to the minutæ."

We suppose Mr. Melmoth here alludes to such artists as the ingenious scribbler of old, who comprised the *Iliad* in a nutshell, and the more ingenious, modern, who made a state-coach

coach to be drawn by a flea, and a sett of table-furniture to be inclosed in a cherry-stone.—For our own part, however, we confess we are not fond of these nibbling, niggling niceties. Give us something more substantial and useful. Hear, however, Mr. Melmoth's opinion.

“But what, in my opinion, makes more against those ostensible, and glaring facts which look us full in the face, is, that it is impossible, from the very nature of their public situation upon the globe, that they should be favourable either to industry or to ingenuity. They afford scope neither to genius, labour, imagination, nor the heart; and, without there is somewhat of heart, bearing briskly through every undertaking, whether it be of the pen or pencil, I leave you to judge, if it must not be all poverty, stagnation, stupidity, and wretchedness. Destitute of the animating vibrations of that most enchanting machinery, which is every hour shifting the scene in our bosom, every thing must, of necessity, be sordid, dull, dispirited.

All this may be, and we like the vibration of the heart very well, while it serves to make the pulse, though ever so high, beat even; but we own we have no good liking to a heart, that is not somewhat directed by a head: that which is usually called a bad heart, being often the effect of a weak head. Not that we mean to impeach either the head or the heart of Mr. M. we only wish that he saw the propriety of their going, like the hand and heart, in all cases, together. Having premised this, we shall think ourselves acquitted, as well to this author as the public, if we dismiss his present performance, with a quotation or two, from the least exceptionable part of his work.—Treating of the various affections of the heart, he classes one under the head *System*; which is as follows.

S Y S T E M.

“By which, the heart comprehends not only the different theories of Religion, Politics, Theology, Mathematics and Philosophy, but also different Systems of Taste, Pain, Pleasure, Temper, Humour, Inclination, Genius, &c. &c. &c. Every man breathing hath his System, and scarce two men in the universe—and not by any means two women in it—agree in their Systems exactly. One man delights for instance in the slim, genteel shape of his mistress, and admires her for a faint and voluptuous languor that he sees in her features: another perhaps finds attraction in the same sort of form, but then instead of a languid delicacy, he chooses to have it animated by a vivacious and brisk power of the eye. Lucius one day suddenly met Avarus, who bore such an affection for Lucius, that he found more pleasure in serving him whenever his situation called for accommodation, even than in hoarding up his money in an iron cabinet, that he venerated to the rust that was contracted over its surface. It was, therefore, you see his System to oblige Lucius. Lucius one day sent to his

his friend, at half an hour's warning, for a supply of cash to the amount of an hundred and sixteen pounds, which Avarus complied with in the following way—to wit—One hundred pounds by bank bill, another bill of fifteen pounds payable at sight, half a guinea in gold, nine shillings in silver, four-pence in copper, and the residue in farthings.

“To scrutinize this mode of making up a sum through the formal spectacles of business, it might certainly be censured as fantastical: but, besides that Lucius had no right to look with so accurate an eye at a favour, I shall enter a substantial caveat against all future objections, by observing that it was consistent with the lender's System to pay it in this way; and if it had contained two thousand times as many divisions, subdivisions, halvings, and quarterings more, till the whole sum was frittered into farthings, still, I say, Lucius was the last man upon earth to cross his friend's humour. He should have received the purse gratefully—tell it over not with extreme caution, unless he suspected the messenger—never have the baseness but for the same reason to put a single guinea into the scale, and feasted his heart upon the firmness of a friendship so dear to him. We are now coming to the crisis.

“It happened that in the fraction of the copper, Avarus had made a mistake; for by the account of Lucius there was an extra farthing: and the interview which Avarus now had with Lucius, was the first since the mistake was committed.—

“Lucius meeting Avarus, therefore, said to him, without any regard to the heart,

“How much have you obliged me, my very dear Avarus, in that last supply: it has answered all my exigencies, and made me entirely an easy man; but, apropos, I must set you right in your calculation. There is a small balance in your favour, and I must insist upon giving it you—”

“Avarus, who although a miser to all the rest of the world, was to the last degree generous to Lucius, because it belonged to his System so to be, imagined there might have been some miscount of the black word that characterizes the value of a British bank bill, for which reason (but even not then in the tone of eager apprehension) he requested to be set right.

“Lucius, for the want of a Dictionary of the Heart to set him right (putting his hand into his breeches pocket, but forgetting to put upon his face a smile at the same time, which would at worst have compromised the matter with his friend's heart) replied,

“A farthing is coming to you.”

“He presented it to Avarus, who started two steps back, lifting up both his hands, and throwing them forward in the attitude of declining an offer—

“A farthing coming to me! (said Avarus) a farthing!”

“Nothing in the whole world—not the most industrious efforts which malice could have used, could have torn up a man's System so entirely by the roots. Had Lucius made a sudden retreat into another country; had he pretended that the draft upon the banker was five instead of fifteen pounds; had he spurned liberality by a fresh application;

cation ; in short, had he done or said any thing but what he *did* say and do, the Heart possibly might, by some courteous interpretations, have found a palliative, if not a pardon : but, as it was afflicted too by an half-note of triumph as to the point of calculation, some degree of ridicule and irony in the tones, and an undue stress upon the first syllable of the word *far*-thing—considering, I say, all these heightenings, the whole transaction was unardonable.

“ A farthing, did you say, coming to me (exclaimed Avarus in rather a bolder note, and with somewhat of a severer emphasis !) A **FARTHING** ! Unhappy Lucius ! How could’st thou have been so ignorant of an old friend’s System ? Better had’st thou buried the paltry, the pitiful balance in the bowels of the earth. What inacquaintance with every finer operation of the heart—nay, what poverty in the circumstances that pass within thy own breast not to know that so wretched a punctilio—so ungenerous an exactness, at such a period, must inflame every principle, and every sentiment against thee ! A *farthing* ! —Oh God of caution ; was there ever shewn, from friend to friend, so little policy, or so large an insult !

“ The will of Avarus was, in the amplest degree, in favour of Lucius. ‘ A farthing coming to me (repeated he, as he went home, after his interview with Lucius !) neither more nor less than a farthing !’ Upon his arrival, he twitched up a pen, and, with a hand of hurry, wrote as follows :

“ T O L U C I U S .

“ Sir,

“ This is written to acquaint you, that the sums of money you have from time to time had of me, are discharged. You will consider this letter, therefore, first, as a solemn deed of settlement which closes our connection ; and, secondly, as a receipt in full for the sums above alluded to. That you may not be put upon my account to a **FARTHING**’s expence, I send this by an especial messenger.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ A V A R U S .”

“ Some few years after this transaction, the writer of this letter died. His heart was so sorely hurt, and his System so shaken, that he recollected Lucius amidst the afflictions of a tormenting distemper. Yet he pitied his condition, which, after the quarrel, became more wretched : yet his sense of the injury struggled with the emotions of his pity. He gratified, however, upon his death-bed, both the passions that were contending in his heart. Two distinct codicils, for this purpose, were added to his will, and thus they ran :

“ I. For the satisfaction of those feelings about my heart, which plead for the man who was once so near it, I bequeath the sum of ten thousand pounds to Lucius,

"II: For being too good a mathematician, and not suffering an old friend to do a tolerable action his own way, I bequeath to the said Lucius, one farthing sterling, of the lawful money of Great Britain, bearing date on the impression 1721, in the reign of George the First; to be paid to him the said Lucius, precisely at three quarters and three clicks lacking of twelve o'clock at night, by my gold repeater, which I also bequeath him."

As a specimen of the narrative, and the author's use of the incidents he met with in travelling, we shall give the section, entitled *Calais*; at which place, it may be previously necessary to inform our readers, he was joined by some young Englishmen, who proposed to accompany him and his Amelia in their route to Paris.

C A L A I S.

"The machine was not set out till the next morning early, and it was now but just arrived from Paris; so that we had three parts of a day upon our hands, and it was the contrivance of our hearts, to employ it apart from the men of wit; but this was impossible.

"By this time the poor mendicant* had come round from the window into the parlour, and made his desires known to our striplings, partly by his patience in teaching them French, and partly by his label of intelligence in English, which hung at his girdle; which, according to the rules of his order, was decorated with a rope.

"He invited us to visit his convent; a common courtesy, which is paid indiscriminately to all travellers on their first arrival.

"The wits went for a joke, and Amelia, with me, for the heart. Be assured, reader, some admirable specimens of English humour were shewn off at the chutch of the convent. The Franciscan bent the knee, and pressed the bosom, as he passed the crucifixes, which were in several parts of the church: the wits followed his example in every thing, but the appearance at least of sincerity. The friar unlocked a large range of drawers, out of which he took the robes, roses, and other ornaments, which are made use of at the altar, on days which are set apart for extraordinary ceremonies. The Franciscan held these with a cautious hand: Amelia looked at them with the reverence and discretion which decency requires upon every religious occasion. I considered them, for my own part, as well-intended decorations; but the jokers found out a pleasant simile, and likened every order of the priesthood, to so many different-coloured trappings of a coach-horse on my Lord Mayor's day, attended ludicrously by a retinue of long-tobed livermen. The two large lights, with were burning on each side a silver-lamp, before the principal crucifix in the centre of the altar-piece, our young gentlemen observed, would do most admirably for a pair of torches to trail behind a carriage, if any method could be hit upon to make them flame with a little more spirit; 'But fie upon them

* A friar who had solicited charity from without.

(cried the jokers) they are not lively enough for any thing but a pack of half starved mendicant friars, or to shed a sort of darkness, visible, round the vault of our great grandfather.' The Franciscan next took us, by a narrow flight of steps, into a long gallery, on each side of which were the humble lodgings of his fraternity. He opened a little door which led into his own, and pointed, with a meek and patient action of the finger, to his couch of straw. The casement of the window (half over which hung slips of ivy) might be about the size of a single pane of a modern kish, and it was defended by bars of iron. It seemed, indeed, to be the very cabinet of mortification and self-denial; but the English jesters declared, it was the worst kennel for those foxes in sheeps clothing, the parsons, they ever beheld. This simile bore so hard upon the brotherhood, that our Franciscan (who, by the bye, understood too much English, to be insensible of a downright insult in coarse language) turned round to our companions, and was going to address them, when, happening to turn his eye towards a cross, upon which his God was extended, in the attitude of suffering the last indignity, after almost every other had been discharged against him, he bowed submissively to the figure, as if he had just caught from it the spirit of acquiescence, and the colour which indignation had before brought from the heart to the cheek, went off, and put a check to whatever might have happened. Every nerve that I had was shaken; and, leaving Amelia a moment to amuse herself with the prospect of the garden of the convent, through the little lattice in the friar's apartment, I drew the venerable monastic gently aside into the gallery, and there, in a whisper, apologized for the liberties which were taken by our young, inexperienced travellers, who desired to appear more impious than they really were.

"The mendicant made no reply; but, as if he had heart enough to forgive all trespasses against him, whether of malice or ignorance, he smiled ineffable benignity, and we again joined the company.

"Here, to the increase of my distress, I found Amelia in a warm argument with our young gentlemen, upon the subject of a decent deportment at places of public worship. The contest, it seems, began upon an expedient started by the eldest, to make a covering for the nakedness of the figure upon the cross, in the room of the friar; for, our delicate Englishmen insisted, that, unless some such circumstance took place, a crucifix was not a fit object for female inspection; he therefore humbly made a motion, that the company would unanimously enter into a voluntarily subscription, to make up such a sum as would purchase a compleat suit of cloaths (not forgetting a little sparkle of tinsel in the French style) that the Deiry might, in future, appear in the dress of a gentleman.

"In support of this vein of ridicule, the youth was just holding his hat to Amelia for her subscription, as we came into the room, and Amelia was parrying off the stroke, partly by blushes and partly by arguments. 'Is it not very strange, gentlemen (said she) that a woman cannot be one moment unprotected, in any corner of the globe, however sanctimonious, but she must be insulted by the rudeness of her own countrymen?' She had no time to go on: the rage of the Franciscan, at the sight of the crucifix, over which the wit had thrown his

pocket-handkerchief, was worked into a pious enthusiast, and his heart dictated to our striplings a very severe and seasonable lesson.

"Be covered in the blushes of confusion, gentlemen! (said he). What principle is it by which you are thus directed to disgrace yourselves and your country? We are taught to believe, that, on your side of the sea, the seminaries of education are governed by laws that are wise, prudent, liberal and amiable. We are taught, that the education of an English gentleman is attended with a very considerable expence: morals and humanity, it is said, are particularly cultivated in your universities. We gather these things, I say, from the report of those who would emblazon the institutions of your country; but, if *report* is to be conformed by *experience*, what doth experience tell us on this subject? This town of Calais hath been but too often a witness to your libertinism. Hither you come over with youth, high spirits, and a sum of money, for the most part too large for the feelings of a moderate man. The British empire is so truly respectable, as a nation, that we, who are your neighbours, wish to admire your *politeness* as much as we venerate your *genius*. But how is this possible, when the specimens which are exhibited to us of your manners, are so frequently cruel and unmanly? You enter our country without one generous idea relating it. You call our *courtesy*, which is said to contrast your *bluntness*, insincerity. You look at the face of our country, and seem to wonder, that the smile of Providence is extended from the clift of Dover to that of Calais. You look at our customs, and, because they differ from *your* customs, you turn from them with disgust, or affected disdain. You enter our churches, and turn into the basest ridicule objects most sacred. You have not even the discretion to keep silence, while we pay our passing obeisance to the shrine of the Omnipotent. God himself is the sport and pastime of your leisure and laughter. Our citizens, artizans, women, children, as well as the bravest of our soldiers, come, at all convenient hours, to their devotion; and, though they come without any compulsion, you call it hypocrisy. We lay before you our curiosities, and you despise them: we take many wrongs patiently; we allow largely to the impressions made by our singularities, and then you ill-treat us beyond bearing. Ah, ungenerous travellers! Is it to laugh at your fellow creatures, and scoff at your Creator, that you make such inroads upon us? Is such the motive that urges a young Englishman to migrate? Is such the conduct of those who ought to be the patterns and examples of a free and noble country? You teach our traders to believe, that you value nothing so little as money, and yet you pretend to wonder, that they fix a price upon what they hold in the slightest estimation. If the savage is taught, by the more mechanical European, that the gun can do more execution than the bow-string, and at the same time shews him how to pull the trigger, can you wonder if he directly puts his first experiment in practice immediately? Fie upon it, gentlemen. It is not doing justice either to one kingdom or to another. It is not doing as you would be done by. Tell me, I beseech you, seriously tell me—

"Here the Franciscan raised his voice, extended his right arm, fixing himself more firmly on his centre.

"At what time did you ever behold one of this country so behave himself in Britain? He comes to your shore with eyes to see, and heart to admire. He beholds large tracts of your land in the highest state of vigorous cultivation, and he thinks well of your peasantry by the sweat of whose brows, and the diligence of whose hands, it is procured. He passes through your towns of business, and is forcibly struck with the spirit of commerce, which seems to be the *genius* of your climate. He inspects the various manufactories extended along the banks of your fruitful rivers, and conceives highly of your English ingenuity. He goes into the capital of the kingdom, and, if he draws at all the line of comparison betwixt the two great cities of London and Paris, he draws it in favour of the former. He readily allows to it all that is due to superiority of uniform buildings, admirable accommodation for foot-passengers, and for the convenience of ample streets, in which there is sufficient scope for trade and fashion, for the car and for the coach. Gratified abundantly, he either fixes amongst you, or returns into his native country: if the *former*, it is not always what, it is said, you Englishmen imagine it to be, because he cannot live so well in France, but for more amiable reasons. If he returns, and, where is the man to whom such a return is not, sooner or later, desirable? He brings not over with him any base ideas, that are unworthy to travel half a league in the heart of any man breathing, but he speaks of your nation as it were to be wished you would have the equity to speak of ours. What, then, gentlemen, are we to suppose? Are we to believe that only the slightest, lightest, and most superficial part of you, addict yourselves to travel? I should be sorry to think that this was the case; nay, my own experience tells me, that it is not always so.

"Here he took Amelia by the hand, and bowed to me with respect.

"This lady and that gentleman (to go no farther) have given me no reason to believe they crossed the sea to despise the Deity, or any of his poorer ministers, because, perhaps, there is some difference in the exterior ceremonies of a national devotion. Nay, I have seen other exceptions to a deplorable general rule, and those exceptions are the only things which saved England from the contempt into which it would inevitably fall without them. Excuse my wrath, gentlemen. I have spoken as an injured man. I have spoken as a brother of the holy society, to whose use this church is allotted. I have spoken as the faithful servant of a master, whose sacred image you have wantonly offended."

"With this noble climax, the offended Franciscan finished his exhortation and remonstrance. Never, surely, was there observed ten minutes (for he spoke with deliberation) of profounder silence.

"Saint Paul, at the time of his making Felix tremble, could not possibly have commanded a more perfect attention. There was, indeed, many favourable circumstances to heighten the solemnity of the whole transaction. Pale as were the features of the Franciscan at his outset, his eyes kindled with his argument, and his heart gave such animation to his face, and such eloquence to his tongue, that he led his hearers into implicit captivity. The little apartment was, in itself, an object of awe, having a table hanging of dark tapestry, wrought with traits
of

of sacred figures, and a cloud which suddenly passed the surface of the sun, threw a gloom into the place, that put, as it were, into the power of the friar the attractions of magic. Amelia was bound, as if by enchantment, to the bed of straw, on which she sat; and, as the declaimer ended, she took the hem of his coarse and humiliating tunic, and, in the completest sincerity of her heart, pressed it to her bosom. Even the wits forgot their jocularities, and were unusually serious; that is to say, they looked about for a good joke, and could not find it: yet they were both ashamed, if I may so express myself, of their being ashamed. They blushed at the novelty of a keen sensation, and they witheld the friar in Heaven, for having smitten fire from the flint. This awkward kind of consciousness was well illustrated, when the youth, who had thrown the handkerchief over the crucifix, stole it, as it were, imperceptibly away, forcing a sad half smile into his face, as much as to insinuate, that he did not know what he was about."

Long as our last quotation is, we cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers the succeeding short chapter on *Blushes*.

THE BLUSHES.

We all prepared to depart; and, in passing through the body of the church, the heart of Amelia was caught by the appearance of many females distributed in different parts, at their devotions. She paused—stopped short—folded her hands together involuntarily, and went on tip-toe, as if fearful of interrupting their ceremonies. As the Franciscan bowed to the cross in repassing the high altar, I very believe, if it were not for shame of doing a decent thing, the wits could both have found it in their hearts to have bowed also.

"At the great door of the church that led into the street, the friar bowed to the whole company, with a complacency which discovered that he bore no remembrance of what was past, so as to affect his urbanity: nay, to convince us farther that he did not, his bend to the striplings was more deep, more profound, and more respectful even than that to Amelia. He seemed to know the true point of delicacy; and had a heart to treat those whom his tongue, however justly, had wounded. This was but an awkward crisis for the young men, one of whom, after some irresolute gestures, offered a liberal present to the friar.

"The air with which it was offered, and with which it was rejected, are two of those important trifles which neither pen nor pencil can do proper justice to. They both blushed; but the blood appeared in both for an opposite reason. The cheek of the person who offered the present, was coloured by a reproach which bore its commission from the heart: the face of the Franciscan was tinged by that natural paint of virtue, which always mounts at the offer of a bribe. He had forgiven the whole matter before, but this offer recalled the transaction; and, although a twentieth part of the sum would have been acceptable some time before, there were now many insuperable objections. The noble independency of his late eloquence was not the least of these: instead,

"At what time did you ever behold one of this country so behave himself in Britain? He comes to your shore with eyes to see, and heart to admire. He beholds large tracts of your land in the highest state of vigorous cultivation, and he thinks well of your peasantry by the sweat of whose brows, and the diligence of whose hands, it is procured. He passes through your towns of business, and is forcibly struck with the spirit of commerce, which seems to be the *genius* of your climate. He inspects the various manufactories extended along the banks of your fruitful rivers, and conceives highly of your English ingenuity. He goes into the capital of the kingdom, and, if he draws at all the line of comparison betwixt the two great cities of London and Paris, he draws it in favour of the former. He readily allows to it all that is due to superiority of uniform buildings, admirable accommodation for foot-passengers, and for the convenience of ample streets, in which there is sufficient scope for trade and fashion, for the car and for the coach. Gratified abundantly, he either fixes amongst you, or returns into his native country: if the former, it is not always what, it is said, you Englishmen imagine it to be, because he cannot live so well in France, but for more amiable reasons. If he returns, and, where is the man to whom such a return is not, sooner or later, desirable? He brings not over with him any base ideas, that are unworthy to travel half a league in the heart of any man breathing, but he speaks of your nation as it were to be wished you would have the equity to speak of ours. What, then, gentlemen, are we to suppose? Are we to believe that only the slightest, lightest, and most superficial part of you, addict yourselves to travel? I should be sorry to think that this was the case; nay, my own experience tells me, that it is not always so.

"Here he took Anselm by the hand, and bowed to me with respect.

"This lady and that gentleman (to go no farther) have given me no reason to believe they crossed the sea to despise the Deity, or any of his poorer ministers, because, perhaps, there is some difference in the exterior ceremonies of a national devotion. Nay, I have seen other exceptions to a deplorable general rule, and those exceptions are the only things which saved England from the contempt into which it would inevitably fall without them. Excuse my wrath, gentlemen. I have spoken as an injured man. I have spoken as a brother of the holy society, to whose use this church is allotted. I have spoken as the faithful servant of a master, whose sacred image you have wantonly offended."

"With this noble climax, the offended Franciscan finished his exhortation and remonstrance. Never, surely, was there observed ten minutes (for he spoke with deliberation) of profounder silence.

"Saint Paul, at the time of his making Felix tremble, could not possibly have commanded a more perfect attention. There was, indeed, many favourable circumstances to heighten the solemnity of the whole transaction. Pale as were the features of the Franciscan at his outset, his eyes kindled with his argument, and his heart gave such animation to his face, and such eloquence to his tongue, that he led his hearers into implicit captivity. The little apartment was, in itself, an object of awe, having a sable hanging of dark tapestry, wrought with traits
of

of sacred figures, and a cloud which suddenly passed the surface of the sun, threw a gloom into the place, that put, as it were, into the power of the friar the attractions of magic. Amelia was bound, as if by enchantment, to the bed of straw, on which she sat; and, as the disclaimer ended, she took the hem of his coarse and humiliating tunic, and, in the completest sincerity of her heart, pressed it to her bosom. Even the wits forgot their jocularities, and were unusually serious; that is to say, they looked about for a good joke, and could not find it: yet they were both ashamed, if I may so express myself, of their being ashamed. They blushed at the novelty of a keen sensation, and they wished the friar in Heaven, for having smitten fire from the flint. This awkward kind of consciousness was well illustrated, when the youth, who had thrown the handkerchief over the crucifix, stole it, as it were, imperceptibly away, forcing a sad half smile into his face, as much as to insinuate, that he did not know what he was about."

Long as our last quotation is, we cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers the succeeding short chapter on *Blushes*.

THE BLUSHES.

We all prepared to depart; and, in passing through the body of the church, the heart of Amelia was caught by the appearance of many females distributed in different parts, at their devotions. She paused—stopped short—told her hands together involuntarily, and went on tiptoe, as if fearful of interrupting their ceremonies. As the Franciscan bowed to the cross in repassing the high altar, I very believe, if it were not for shame of doing a decent thing, the wits could both have found it in their hearts to have bowed also.

"At the great door of the church that led into the street, the friar bowed to the whole company, with a complacency which discovered that he bore no remembrance of what was past, so as to affect his urbanity: nay, to convince us farther that he did not, his bend to the striplings was more deep, more profound, and more respectful even than that to Amelia. He seemed to know the true point of delicacy; and had a heart to treat those whom his tongue, however justly, had wounded. This was but an awkward crisis for the young men, one of whom, after some irresolute gestures, offered a liberal present to the friar.

"The air with which it was offered, and with which it was rejected, are two of those important trifles which neither pen nor pencil can do proper justice to. They both blushed; but the blood appeared in both for an opposite reason. The cheek of the person who offered the present, was coloured by a reproach which bore its commission from the heart: the face of the Franciscan was tinged by that natural paint of virtue, which always mounts at the offer of a bribe. He had forgiven the whole matter before, but this offer recalled the transaction; and, although a twentieth part of the sum would have been acceptable some time before, there were now many insuperable objections. The noble independency of his late eloquence was not the least of these:
instead,

instead, therefore, of receiving it, he tarried awhile till the heart beat pacifically, and then declined it with a good grace. The interval, however, betwixt the making of the offer, and the final rejection, was beautifully interesting to lovers of nature. It was a silent transaction, in which the heart looked through the eyes, and the blood spoke in the cheeks for about two or three minutes. The blush of disgrace is deeper and more durable than the blush of virtue. There is also a like distinction in the colour: disgrace is a full, disordered, fiery kind of flush, not without some touches of the livid hue, that partakes of fear: the cheek of a virtuous man, under a sensation of transient anger, is set off by a bloom more delicate, pure, and lively. I stood facing both parties, and beheld the whole process. The colour of the friar softened every moment more and more, like the traits in a rainbow in the summer, till all that was called up from other quarters of the frame gently retired into the proper vessels, and only left a glow of dignity and congratulation, as the symptom of a recent excellence: while the young man, who had shame upon his cheek, was much longer in getting rid of the tide that ran round his features. It burnt with the destructive rage of the dog-star. It settled in the centre, then mounted to his eye, then crimsoned his neck: nature seemed to have pride in it: it was a matter of ignominy: there actually came, from the lad's eyes, two or three tears. I saw them course along as if to quench the burning suffusion, which, notwithstanding this, verged off, tardily; and I know not how long it would have continued, if, when all was well again with the friar, he had not tenderly taken the youth's hand, and, as he shut the church-door gently, smiled, like the angel of compassion, upon our departure."

Like the angel of compassion, let the Reviewer, also, smile on his departure, from these two first volumes of the *Travels* for the HEART.

W.

Second Thoughts: or, Observations upon Lord Abingdon's Thoughts on the Letter of Edmund Burke, Esq; to the Sheriffs of Bristol. By the Author of the Answer to Mr. Burke's Letter. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

Having given a pretty long account of Lord Abingdon's Thoughts in our Review for September last, the same attention may seem due, and the same compliment expected to be paid, to the thoughts of his observer. This is the less necessary, however, as they are, for the most part, what they are truly styled, *second thoughts*: we ourselves having first thrown out several of the more striking and important*, in the article above-mentioned. Though second thoughts, therefore, may

* In his answer to Mr. Burke's former letter, also, this ingenious writer appeared to take the text of his political sermon from our Review.

be best, second-hand thoughts are not the most proper amusement for our readers. As this writer, nevertheless, appears to be the official champion of the ministry, and is, on the whole, an able advocate, we shall give a general abstract, with an occasional remark or two, of his present performance. It commences with a slight censure on the irregularity of Lord Abingdon's thoughts: but the writer should have reflected that we made a sufficient apology for his Lordship's want of art in literary composition. He next compliments both Mr. Burke and his Lordship with their avowed abhorrence of the effusion of human blood; but this, only by the way to charge them with the absurdity of promoting it. He, himself, [*or rather himself**] admits, indeed, that blood must now be spilt, and there is no help for it. He then proceeds to comment on Lord A. and Mr. B's political connections; observing that the former is consistent at least in his opposition, whereas the conduct of the latter hath in this respect been most despicable. Lord A's commendations of Mr. B's letter, it is observed, are neither just nor desirable. A few ironical reflections next succeed on his Lordship's absence in the country during the passing the bill in question, and his solitary protest against it, on his arrival in town. Some strictures are next made on the harsh names, given to the business; and on the conduct of the opposition, or *patriots* (as they are styled in derision), in respect to the amendment, proposed by Mr. Dunning. This amendment, our observer remarks, the ministry acquiesced in, when they might and could have rejected it. Dismissing this subject, the writer proceeds to treat of the state of Liberty in general; asserting that Rebellion is propagated here with more impunity, than Freedom even in America.—That this is true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But on whom doth it reflect, except on the very ministry, for whom our author is an avowed advocate? That rebellion prevails in America, administration cannot now help; it is to their credit they exert themselves to suppress it; but why they suffer the rude thistle to grow in our

* What a hissing does this *himself* make! We would advise this writer to discard this piece of false delicacy. There are similar anomalies in all languages, where the idiom is directed by the ear, in defiance of grammar.—If, however, he has an unconquerable aversion to *himself*, let him write *his own self*, and then he will at least write English; which, by the way, he does not always write. This writer is the more inexcusable in persisting in this petty correction (supposing it were a correction) as he falls sometimes into gross errors of idiom. For instance, "We can never, for our simple parts, believe, &c." He should have said *for our own part*, or *simply for our part*.—This writer is certainly not a man of such *simple parts*, as not to see that the custom, of using the pronoun plural instead of the singular, does not authorize the carrying the plural to the next noun. *Rev.*

native foil and perk up under their very nose, is to us unaccountable. It is observed that Lord A. is right, in reprobating Mr. B's "great, steady, uniform principle, that whenever an act is made for the cessation of law and justice the whole people should be universally subjected to the same suspension of their franchises," a principle which, the observer says, is not worded honestly. It is certainly not worded very clearly; but there is always an obscurity in the sublime. In another principle, viz. that all attacks on the constitution should be immediately attended with their grossest evils, our author thinks Mr. B. right, and for obvious reasons; which he exemplifies in cases of gaming, government, war, and rebellion. The latter he converts into an *argumentum ad hominem*, and brings it home in the following paragraphs.

"Nay, so completely subscribe we to the latter of Mr. Burke's two principles, that we are of opinion it would be more for the good of this country if noblemen, gentlemen, and others, instead of spinning thin cobwebs of rebellion in holes and corners, would honestly and openly join those whom they defend; would be manly enough to venture something more than arguments, and weak ones too, in the cause which they pretend to approve.

"This country has wept over other rebellions, but they were all rebellions of another kind. In 1745 the rebels avowed their principles, and acted like Englishmen—like honest though mistaken men. The English rebels of the present day condemn their cause by the cowardly, poor, spiritless, manner in which they support it. But we have our consolation—If we cannot hope much from their patriotism, we need not fear much from their rebellion. *A quibus nihil sperares boni republicæ, quia non volunt; nihil metuas mali, quia non audent.* CICERO.

"Even among the friends of liberty, and of the constitution, who is there that has offered us blood and services, beside a British peer, and an Irish patriot—the Earl of Abingdon, and Sir Edward Newenham?"

A digression (for such, the writer says, it is) from patriots to Dr. Franklin, is next entered upon; in which a very foul and disgusting picture is drawn of that celebrated politician and philosopher: words, which perhaps, time will shew, are now equally prostituted in being bestowed on a man, whose celebrity is founded only on the taking advantage of accident, the exercise of simple experience, and the profiting by sinister cunning. Our observer proceeds to descant on the faults, both of omission and commission, that have been committed, by successive administrations, in regard to America; justly remarking that at least they do not *all* belong to the present ministry; although none chuse to take shame to themselves and confess themselves guilty. Faults, however, he owns there have been, and may be again. He goes on to treat Lord A's notion of the necessity of a general secession as absurd and ridiculous,

diculous, instancing the inefficacy of secessions under former administrations; and concluding that an opposition in parliament is necessary to the preservation of British Liberty. "Is it," says he emphatically, "too strong to say that our Constitution, so long as it continue free, must, literally speaking, consist of four parts, King, Lords, Commons, and Opposition?"—Our observer discusses next the points of allegiance and supremacy, the objects of which Lord A. had mistaken. But on these we ourselves before remarked*: the reader, however, may see the subject more fully and satisfactorily treated, in the present pamphlet.

The writer proceeds next to set his Lordship to rights about the nature of the Constitution. We shall from this part, take the liberty to make a quotation.

"But the constitution, the British constitution, what is it? Is it something visible, tangible, describable—something which was once for all created by the people, which has always existed, which has never been changed or altered? Is it something solid, which Lord Abingdon always carries about him, no bigger than the philosopher's stone—or is it as big as St. Paul's, and as well known, and as easy to be seen? As Lord Abingdon is a patriot, one would expect him to be conversant with a work which Junius recommended to his countrymen, as "deep, solid, and ingenious"—especially when his Lordship's name *did* stand most conspicuously and honourably before the dedication. The penetrating De Lolme says with truth, that the legislative power of a state can change the constitution, *as God created the light*. Where then is the impious politician, who will venture to define the constitution? If a definition we must have, where is the man who will venture to say any more than that the constitution is the will of the legislature operating upon the distribution of the whole mass of power; that, so far from being any thing distinct from law, it is a part of the law? Some time elapses before the pupil becomes more knowing than his teacher; and, in fact, the Archbishop is much nearer truth in his political sermon, than Lord Abingdon in his sermon upon politics."

Our readers may gather from the above paragraph, and the notes subjoined to it, that we were a little mistaken †, in supposing Lord A. to have been misled in his notions on this subject, by his *quondam* political tutor De Lolme.—We were not apprized that De Lolme, like the apostate Paoli, had been affected with the changeable atmosphere of this uncertain climate; the turn-coat air of this corrupted country. Our author, indeed, imputes the defection in De Lolme's attachment to Lord A. to the quickness of that ingenious writer's discernment, which teaches him to know people the better for being longer acquainted with them. But this kind of knowledge

* See London Review, for September, p. 113.

† See London Review for Sept. p. 114.

should rather be imputed to slowness of intellects than to quickness of discernment; to that experience which makes even fools wise, rather than to that intuitive insight into men and things, with which he affects to compliment M. De Lolme. The truth, or (to use the term of this great improver of our language) the *truism* seems to be that M. De Lolme, however ingenious, derives his knowledge, though not his hypotheses, from the same fund as other people. It remains, nevertheless, a moot point, whether the Lord first found out the Author, or the Author found out the Lord.—We are sorry to learn that they now differ in their political principles; but it is no wonder. His Lordship is a practical politician and M. De Lolme merely a speculative one: being a foreigner, we may say with regard to him and the British constitution, as Hamlet says of the strolling player and queen Hecuba. “What’s he to Hecuba? or Hecuba to him?” That he has, in a very methodical and elegant composition, drawn a pretty picture of the English constitution, is most certain; but should we say, with its present encomiast, that “it cannot be too often consulted,” we should add the *caveat* of the Scotch parson, *cum grano salis*. That the picture is pretty, we have already owned, but then it is but a picture; with which we would by no means have any honest Englishman be, like Pygmalion with his statue, too much enamoured. Grant even that it be a living object; yet, however lovely the blush of modesty may sit on her cheek, however finely formed the features, or beautifully constructed the outward form; the blood flowing in the veins is contaminated, the whole juices of the body corrupt, and the heart (as we may have somewhere else said) rotten to the core.—The qualification-acts, which deified gold and made self-interest the idol of this country, laid the axe to the root of public spirit; which subsists only on private virtue. In vain, therefore, are the squabbles between administration and opposition about the constitution. In vain the pretence of either to probity or public virtue; their contention is a mere comedy, a farce, at which a wise man might only laugh, did they not serve too often as a prelude to the tragedy of rebellion.

But to return to our observer; who points out next Lord A’s blunder in deriving the legislative power from the executive; with another or two, equally puerile; for which he gives him as just a castigation as ever he received from the Archbishop of York, when master of Westminster-School.

“After having proved, as his Lordship imagined, the power of the people to be the immediate grandmother of the law, the constitution being the parent of the latter, and the offspring of the former, we little expected to be told that “the legislative power of the state must still

“receive

"receive its force from an executive power." Just this, however, his Lordship really chooses to assert.—To point out the full merit of such an assertion by argument, were to do no more than is directly done by stating such an assertion. To imitate his Lordship, and call that, which we cannot comprehend, an error of the press, were to censure undeservedly perhaps; for we can hardly suppose the meanest printer's imp to very ignorant, as to mistake the creature for the creator.

"Another assertion would rather surprize a common politician. "It is not true," his Lordship says, "that Magna Charta is an act of "Parliament." Then must we honestly confess ourselves at a loss to discover what it is. But an act of Parliament it clearly is not, proceeds his Lordship; "and for this reason: it was obtained in Running-mead"—which is to be sure not within either the city or liberties of Westminster—"where King John and his adherents appeared to be an "inconsiderable number; but the Lords and Commons filled the "country"—King, Lords, and Commons then are allowed to have passed this, which is not allowed to be an act of Parliament. The whole matter seems to have been, that the deputies from the Lords and Commons were more numerous on so large a theatre than when they meet in their separate houses.

"Not so, by Heaven!" (they answer in a rage)

"Knights, Squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

But "it is not true, that Magna Charta is an act of Parliament." Mind them;—the forty successive confirmations of this same Magna Charta—the act called the Petition of Right—the Habeas Corpus act—the Bill of Rights, which Hurd properly makes Mr. Somers call our *new Magna Charta*—and the statute *de Tallagio non Concedendo*, which De Lolme properly calls the engine that protected our old Magna Charta—will his Lordship have the goodness to inform us what were these? Or, if his Lordship prefer what he says is not an act of Parliament, before these which clearly are acts of Parliament, with Lord Abingdon remain his Magna Charta and all the liberty it gives! to us belong these acts of Parliament! and let his Lordship decide which party is more free.

"But contracts and compacts, we have impiously maintained, are things unknown in politics. That are they not, says his Lordship; for an original compact may be found in America. The people of the commonwealth or state of Massachusetts, discovering that their antient government is *totally dissolved*, and that they are driven into a *state of nature*, have entered into this original compact.—After all, then, behold! this unintelligible, indefinable, original compact, is neither more nor less than the round-robin of Conspiracy. If the Americans have made the dangerous calculation between the evils of resistance and the evils of obedience, so—they must stand to the consequences: but to talk of original compacts, is as pleasant as if the cabinet-makers when they leave business, or the tailors when they strike work, were gravely to tell us, that they also had entered into an original compact."

Our author takes up the cudgels next in defence of Lord Mansfield; to whom he is, by no means, a contemptible second. But we here take leave of these pertinent and entertaining observations, with the following concluding paragraphs.

"Lord Mansfield's being on one side, was to the impartial Lord Abingdon, and *at the very first sight*, an argument for being on the other—Posterity may think otherwise. Posterity may possibly be of opinion, if not, at the very first sight, that Lord Mansfield could not possibly be in the wrong; at least, that even his Lordship's youth and inexperience and ignorance might, once in a way, or so, stand perhaps some little chance of being, by accident, in the right, as well as the age and the ability and the wisdom of the Earl of Abingdon.

"Had not the "German blood-hounds" made their appearance in his Lordship's pamphlet, we should in truth have been surprized: and most bloodily are they arrayed against us in the narrow defile of the 59th page. His Lordship's fellow-labourer in the Irish vineyard treats the matter with much more pleasantry. Sir Edward Newenham asks (it does not directly appear indeed whether in jest or in earnest), "if the Jerseys have invaded the principality of Hesse? the back settlements of New York insulted the Dukedom of Brunswick? or the little island of Nantucket threatened with incursion the potent prince of Anspach?"

"Touching his Lordship's ingenious joke, of making "the *now* Earl of Mansfield" a drover, and telling us how "he drove us off" until we are all now driven, like so many *asses* into a pound; and "are so impounded, that fourteen shillings land-tax in the pound, nay, "all the pounds shillings and pence in the nation will not unpound "us"—we can only admire such right honourable wit; and beg his Lordship not to answer for all his countrymen:

Primum ego me illorum, dederis quibus esse poetis,
Excerptam numero. HOR.

If his Lordship choose to answer for his self, we by no means allow him to answer for us.—On the merit of the joke a school-boy would perhaps immediately decide, with the old remark of penny wise, and pound foolish.

"But Lord Abingdon at last concludes the pleasant account which he has condescended to give us of his sentiments and his principles with a serious air, which at least should make us believe him to be sincere. A burthen of the political ditty, wherein Sir Edward Newenham also has loudly joined. Those who talk of blood, who offer us their blood, either mean what they say, or offer us only that, which, should it be accepted, they did not mean to give. Lord Abingdon and Sir Edward Newenham have solemnly offered us their blood, have told us they are ready to seal their sentiments and their principles with their blood. The censure, which his Lordship's severity threw upon the Chief Justice, does not here recoil upon his self. Lord Abingdon, if he be at present no warrior, is at least willing to become one. Good!—"Are there not wars?" says honest Jack Falstaff—"Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need
"soldiers?"

"soldiers?" They have only to realize their golden promises. "If they choose to fight their battles in their own persons, nobody prevents their setting sail to America in the next transports."

"Should the present *bell-governed proserption* still continue, should our government still be found in the hands of *Devils*, should this *destructive civil war* still proceed, and Lord Abingdon and Sir Edward Newenham yet use none of their blood as sealing-wax: what reader will not think of the false school-boy, who swears to his mother's waiting-maid that he will die at her dear feet, and pour out the last drizzling drop of his blood to serve her? who will not say of such vain braggarts, what the player in the prologue to "the School for Scandal" says of its author?

For your applause all perils he'll go through:

He'll fight—that's *write*—a cavaliero true!

'Till every drop of blood—that's *ink*—be spilt for you."

Conjectures on the Tyndaris of Horace, and some of his Pieces; with a Postscript. By John Whitfield, A. M. Rector of Biddeford, Devon. 4to. 1s. 6d. Thorn, Exeter—Richardson and Urquhart, London.

Quale per incertam lunam, sub luce maligna,
Est iter in silvis. VIRG.

So faint, indeed, is the light of the dark-lantern of modern criticism, and so uncertain the glimmering rays that flash from the distant torch of antiquity, that it is with propriety our commentators on the Latin or Greek classics, may be said to wander in a wood. Should they lose themselves, in these their wanderings, it is little to be wondered at.—If it be even doubted already whether Prior's Chloe was a real or imaginary personage; it may well be questioned whether the *Chloe Thressa*, and *Chloe Sithonia* of Horace, were or were not mere creatures of the imagination. The present Commentator thinks it highly probable those appellations were common to one object, as well as *Venus Marina* and his celebrated Tyndaris. Our classical readers will be amused with this ingenious conjecture, whatever they may think of its truth.

In the second Epode of this favourite Writer, we have the following line:

Postosque vernas ditis examen domus;

Here the metaphor in *examen* cannot be mistaken; but is this all that is remarkable in the line? No certainly; Horace intended a good deal more. *Verna* means any rise, or growth of the Spring; animal or vegetable. *Verno*, among other senses, signifies to swarm as bees do. By *postos*, Horace intends the pitching of the bees; and thus extending his metaphor he throws its light back upon the opening of the line:
where

where both the words have a double sense, and second-meaning. But to come nearer to the present purpose.

Vitrea Circe has had various senses found out for it; Monf. Dacier, I think, mentions four or five of them. It occurs in a piece address'd to Tyndaris: But who is Tyndaris? A writer, it seems, of Lyric Poetry.—

—————Fide Tēia
Dices, laborates in uno,
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.

Ode xiii. Lib. i.

“ One of the interpreters, I forgot which, observes here, that Horace proposes proper subjects, to engage her to write. It is rather more likely, that by *dices*, Horace means, you have written. He had been shewn some piece of hers, where in her own tongue, which was the Greek, Tyndaris applied to *Circe* some word or other equivalent to *Vitrea*. Now, whatever he thought of the word, it was the height of good breeding in him to adopt it; and to return it to her again; as the University politely returned *Familiis* to Queen Elizabeth, when there was no such word in the Latin tongue: And this attention, with other circumstances, make us wish to know a little more of Tyndaris.

She passes with the interpreters, they do not tell us upon what grounds, for a daughter of Gratidia. But this is unlikely; because Gratidia is a Roman name; whereas Tyndaris was a foreigner; and so was her surly consort Cyrus, a foreigner. Tyndaris was a Thracian; she was by condition a *Liberta*; but of substance; and came to Rome in the retinue, I suppose, one of the train, of Rhæmetalces King of Thrace. She probably staid in Rome, and resided there; and was known at the palace there; she certainly received a distinguishing mark of favour from thence; and we see, she is address'd by Horace. These particulars, opening by degrees, are not altogether, and quite, imaginary; as will appear immediately.

About six years ago, an inscription, from Fabretti, was republished at Rome; and its genuineness defended against Maffei; which inscription runs in these words;

IVLIA. TYNDARIS
C. IVLI. REGIS
RHOEMATLCAES. L.
FECIT. SIBI. ET. SVIS. ET
LIBERIS. LIBERTABVS
POSTERISQVE. EORVM
IN. FR. P. XII. IN. AGRO. P. XII.

“ Why should not this be the Tyndaris of Horace? let us see.

“ Rhæmetalces, I mean the elder, was a publick Ally of Rome; was once a friend of Brutus; and after that, a dependant on Augustus. Rhæmetalces was probably often at Rome, like other princes upon business; particularly to solicit the march of the troops under Lollius in 738. Rhæmetalces struck a fine Greek coin in honour of Augustus; presenting their heads on each side; and the emperor's known favourite, Symbol, The Capricorn, upon it: And he accepted from
6 Augustus

Augustus an adoption into the Julian family; for we see him called CAIVS IVLIVS RHOEMETALCES on the marble.

"Now it is not unlikely, that some of his train partook, on that occasion, the same honour and privilege; and in particular, as appears by her name, IVLIA TYNDARIS; his Thracian minstrel; who had followed his court from the borders of the Strymon, to the banks of the Tiber.

"Further, a fine Greek Sapphic is come down to us, to be seen in the Collections, particularly that of Bishop Lowth, in 59; and in Lipsius; which begins thus,

Χαίρε μοι Πάμην θυγάτηρ Ἀφῆος.

"This Ode pleased Lipsius so much, that he has given us a spirited version of it in his book, towards the beginning, *De magnitudine Romanâ*. He ascribes it, like others, to Erinna. But he sees clearly its subject; which others leave doubtful. He cites it in course, as address'd to the city of Rome; and he judges it, by the stile, to have been written, in Pompey's time, or thereabout. Now we have no Erinna of that age, according to the elder Vossius. Urfinus did not receive this Ode among the pieces of Erinna, as Fabricius has particularly observed. What then, if we should agree with Urfinus; and suppose there had been some mistake as to the writer? and, since there were several Erinnas, what if this Ode has been given hastily to one of them while it really belonged to some other person? All this is possible. And then who so fit to put in her claim, after long dispossession, as Horace's Tyndaris? The time, assigned by Lipsius, agrees sufficiently; Tyndaris had many calls to celebrate Rome; she was a denizon of Rome; resided, and was settled in Rome; was engrafted into the first family of that city; and admitted to the friendship of its very finest writer; who then so likely as Tyndaris to break out

Χαίρε μοι Πάμην?

And if she was also Horace's Thressa Chloe,

Dulces docta Modos, et Citharæ sciens;

which is highly probable; and his Chloe Sithonia, of another piece; and likewise his Venus Marina, his lovely voyager, to whom, with huge complaisance, he consecrates his harp? And if the lively Le Fevre had been visited with these visions would they have passed before him without one sprightly fally?—perhaps of this sort,

Surge post longam recidiva noctem!
Cyrtha quam fovit, vigilemque sæpe
Aonium cinxit Chorus, O nivali
Hospes ab Hæmo!

Te die fausto, ac Citharam sonantem
Abstulit letho Venusinus Ipse:
Te suam fixit Tiberis, nec Hebro!
Invidet Orpheum!

And now let us look back once again, to the inscription. It is Roman, and so a sign of Tyndaris's attachment; it is sepulchral, and so some proof of family residence; it is one of the inscriptions that give the cast in favour of the Marbles, against coins.—For where, on a medal,

a medal, should we have met the name of Tyndaris? but here it survives, on this marble; which still sheds a light upon this Muse of Thrace, and her old sweet-heart of Tivoli."

So much for Tyndaris.—In a second paper our Commentator complains of the injury which Horace has suffered by his interpreters; particularly in their giving too grave a turn to his pieces: observing that the characteristic of this poet is a perpetual gaiety; on which account Scaliger views him in the same line with Aristophanes. In justification of this conjecture, Mr. Whitfeld cites the first and second Epope. On the first he observes that, as the titles in general hurt this author, the title to this first epode should be something like this.

"Horace to Mæcenas upon the report of his intending to join the Fleet, sitting out against M. Antony, the year of Rome 723.

Among first-rates will you, my friend,
Ventrous the feeble yacht ascend?
Into the thickest danger hast;
Mæcenas covering Cæsar's breast?
While I, who live if you are safe,
If not depriv'd my better half,
Must wait, as you award, and bear
Indolent life, not ease sincere;
Nor jointly thro' each peril press,
With prompt and manly hardiness?
I will—and trace you from the Po
To Caucasus, and all its snow:
Or to the limits of the West
Follow my friend with fearless breast.
You ask—

What aid an invalid can give,
Which of your toils I shall relieve?
Attendant I divide my care,
While absence doubles every fear.
The mother-bird sits, day a night,
To hide her younglings from the Kite;
Scarce hoping, if the foe should come,
Her presence would prevent their doom.
And shall not I your danger share
In this, and every other war?
No purpose, when our toil is done,
Of setting up my chaise and one,
Or rearing herds to drive away,
And change the grounds, to spare my hay.
A team of oxen all my store;
One mansion-farm—but stucco'd o'er
By pour advice;—and were I king,
I scarce should add another wing.
All this, and very much beside,
Your ceaseless bounty has supply'd.

I am

I'm rich enough, and have to spare—
Pass but away my present care!
Nor much inclin'd to heap and hoard;
Nor melt my substance like a lord.

To this *poetical* version are added the following *critical* observations.

A few Observations.

The character of this piece arises from the flow of sincere affection Horace expresses in it to Mæcenas; which is therefore kept in sight all along; and renewed again at the close. Many editions, amazing as it is, open this Ode without the interrogation; particularly the Cambridge Editors, who do not allow it a place, even among various readings; to whom I am sorry to add Mons. Dacier. Nevertheless, whoever displace it, plainly destroy all the grace and spirit of Horace's Address. One might safely appeal for the difference between

Mæcenas, you will go,

As Mons. Dacier bluntly renders it; and

Will my friend go?

as Horace certainly wrote it. Here is likewise another inaccuracy: Horace says, Will my friend go? and then, at the next step, gives us the name, in contrast to that of Cæsar. M. Dacier immediately brings forward the name; while others join it to the appellative Amice: and none are sufficiently aware of Horace's matchless skill, and exactness upon all occasions. Further;

"The distributors of the Odes according to chronology, after *Ibis Liburnis* place *Quando, ô, repostum?* but they have not discovered, any one of them, that the latter piece is one continued strain of irony! worked up by Horace to an amazing pitch; and letting us into the secret—How very freely the prime-minister, and the secretary of the Muses, treated the mighty emperor in private and betwixt themselves. This is little understood, but a good deal might be said upon it.

"The report of what Mæcenas intended, is given above as the title to the piece: and the secret aim of it throughout, I think, is to dissuade him from embarking. This I would clear; but in few words as I can contrive.

"Mæcenas certainly knew Horace's manner of shading. Mæcenas certainly knew the meaning of that much-mistaken line,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.

Dacier, and Bentley and Sanadon talk upon it with a gravity would make you split: while all that Horace intends by it is, "You are used to my covert envelopes; you are well-read in my second senses, *"Docte sermones utriusque linguæ,"* and upon another occasion he calls himself Canusinus bilinguis. With this light upon the piece we are considering, it is plain Mæcenas understands Horace, as saying to him, "Pray, Sir, what is this fray to you? In the name of fortune let him go by himself. Anthony aims at him, and Rome can better spare Cæsar than Mæcenas. Indeed it little concerns either you or me, Sir, which of these two worthies is to be our master." Hence the sober word *jussi* becomes observable. Horace was earnest, to be sure, to go abroad this fleet; but unluckily was under orders to stay at home.

"A word more upon the line, twice recited above. It is taken from as sportive an Ode as any in all Horace; but the occasion of that Ode is its chief curiosity. Horace had kept some anniversary or other among his old Friends, the Pompejans, and what does he do? Why he informs the governor of the city of the matter; and makes him his confident and confessor upon the occasion; but Horace knew, that Mæcenæ also was a Pompeian, as the hostler said, Maister is a Yorkshire man too.

Such is the Spirit of Horace, and without it he is a dead letter. For the translation above, I would observe, it contains but four lines more than the original; and that it comprehends all Horace's particulars, or some equivalent for them; and—but see, what you can find upon this piece, among the Commentators by profession.

Why truly our professional critics have not entered so profoundly into the depths of conjectural criticism as hath this writer. Most of them have been satisfied with supposing that the poet only meant to compliment his friends and himself, with being good Latin and Greek scholars: they did not conceive them so deep in the *double entendre* as is here curiously conjectured. Our scholiast's defying reference to other Commentators is, however, by no means consistent with the modesty of his postscript; in which he tells us, after the example of the poet, *nos hæc novimus esse nihil*; or, as he himself expresses it, "the preceding papers are, in my esteem, *hay and Rubble*; amusements to fill up our space; and permitted by the blessed Being to smooth our passage."—To make our own use of them, in the way of filling up a vacant space, and at the same time amuse our readers, we shall with permission of the blessed being, give an instance or two more of the writer's poetical skill as an interpreter and his conjectural sagacity, as a critic.

Upon Pollio's retiring from Public Affairs.

The Second Epope.

Happy the man, who at his ease,
Like the plain folk of Alfred's days,
Works his own team, and herriot-land;
Sufficient cash at his command;
Not early stirr'd by fife and drum,
Nor shipp'd the Baltic deep to roam;
Keeps from the noisy hall away,
And never crowds a levee-day.

Better employ'd to tend his vine;
The tangled branches to untwine;
Remove a sickly shoot, and lead
A kindlier bearing in its stead.
—Or sauntering down his sloping mead,
Walks round the cattle, as they feed.
Officers, when the honey's jarr'd;
Seeks a hurt ewe, and sees her tarr'd;

Or when the rows are streak'd with red,
And Autumn lifts his golden head,
Unloads, with glee, the peach, and plum;
And sends his lower neighbours some:
Offering, in mind, his chosen fruit
To Providence, who guards his plott.
Now too, he longs his limbs to lay
Under the plantain all the day:
Lull'd by the chirper's nume'rous call;
Or listening to a waterfall,

Not so, when early frosts and rain,
And Winter desolate the plain;
Then he hunts down the stricken deer;
Then rouses up the dangerous bear;
Opens his woodcock-road on high;
Visits the wild-ducks, and decoy:
While pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
If he can make the heath-polt prize.

Indifferent he, or quite above
The pangs of mischief-making love.
But if he plight his wedded faith,
And take—tho' scarce a Wife of Bath
A partner of his joys and cares,
Who minds the family-affairs;
As Emma true, or Geraldine,
And not a bit too good to spin:
Looks how the servant folks go on,
The cattle pen'd, the milking done:
Busy, while he fatigues abroad;
And meets him coming on the road;
Stirs up a blaze, and springs to fire
Her latest cask of clary wine:
And with a frugal skill improves
The savoury meat, she knows he loves.

Not early salmon from the West,
Nor turtle at a Creole's feast,
Nor sturgeon, when the tempests bring,
The city's offering to their king,
My simple hunger can appease,
Like beer, or cooling water-cress;
Or a spring-lamb, when lambs abound;
Or faun, half-worried by a hound.

How pleasing thus to feast, and view
The cattle scampering to the mow!
Others with heavy tread draw near,
Trailing the inverted plough and share:
And then—the folk in clean attire,
Settled, or swarming o'er the fire.

All this—and more, the other day
I overheard a scrivener say;

Determin'd now, and quite a-fire
 To turn at once a country-squire.
 —But slept to Loyd's, to take a look.
 There chang'd his sola-bills for stock;
 And sold, before he left the house,
 For three per cents his Putney clofe.

It is remarkable, I think, that no one hitherto hath enquired, What it was, that gave occasion to the second epode? The interpreters, most of them, suppose Horace gravely sitting down to indite

Laudes vitæ rusticæ,

according to their most Gothic title; which even Mr. Cunningham has retained. Mons. Dacier takes the four last lines for his guide through the piece; whom Pere Sanadpn follows, blindfold: while Mr. Cowley sinks those lines intirely. I can imagine an ordinary occurrence in publick life to have set Horace's fine pen a flowing. Some Roman of eminence, (I believe it was Pollio) retiring from businets; quitting the courts, and the senate, and the palace; leaving the ins and the outs to breathe calmly in the country. From such an incident to raise so fine a scenery; enriching it with a succession of the most pleasing images, and finishing his piece with an unexpected stroke of gaiety—this was worthy Horace; and this he has executed."

In our Scholiast's third paper, which he entitles *Vive la Bagatelle*, we have translations of the Odes to Lalage and Asterie; both, according to this critic, the bottom friends of this amiable poet. But for these we must refer the classical reader to the pamphlet itself; taking our leave of it with the author's concluding advice to the public; viz. "to remind them, with great deference, that of all the works of our days, and upon all accounts, *The death of Abel*, the *Messiah*, and *Noah*, with *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandson*, best deserve the public's attention and highest esteem."—The *blessed Being* defend us! What, are three German poems and three English Romances, to be held, upon *all accounts*, in higher esteem, than all the works of all the philosophers, politicians and divines of the age?—If this be the case—but, hold, as the foregoing papers are, in the author's esteem, mere *hay and stubble*, he probably intended his postscript to go with them as paper and packthread.

THEATRICAL ARTICLE.

The novelties, that have made their appearance on the stage this month, being beneath criticism; we shall, in compliance with several letters from our correspondents, resume the subject of Mr. *Henderson*: a performer, of whom, notwithstanding his present deficiency of vocal powers, we may say that, take him for all and all, we may not soon look on his like again. His great merit, indeed, as well as his great misfortune, is that he aspires perhaps too much to universality in his profession. This ambition,

ambition, however laudable or properly supported by ingenuity and industry, will every excite envy among his associates, and be the cause of invidious comparisons among their protectors. Whatever excellence he may display, therefore, in the various walks of other actors, he must of course fail of success in proportion to the prejudices and pre-possessions of the publick, in favour of his rivals. And yet, in the path of emulation, true genius always quickens its pace: the danger lies in its being accelerated by encouragement, to its own precipitation. The gale of popular applause has often been so brisk as to overset many a noble vessel. Two things appear necessary (we do not know they are wanting) to establish Mr. Henderson's reputation, and confirm his merit as an actor. The one is a strict attention to temperance of diet; by which his health and constitution may be preserved and improved; and of course his acting powers increased; the other is, as religious a regard to that mental self-denial, by which personal vanity is prevented from making a sacrifice, of the most promising talents, at the dirty altar of vulgar incense. How often do we see hastily-rising fame as suddenly depressed! talents, as Richard says of the blood of Lancaster, which we thought would have mounted, trickling in the dust and trodden under foot. But so it is; the mere folly of mankind frequently flows so strong as to bear the floating body suddenly to a height; from which it requires the utmost discretion and dexterity, in the swimmer, to prevent his as-suddenly sinking, or being left, with the return of the tide, fast floundering in the mud. *Sans* metaphor, Mr. Henderson, may, with the exercise of due discretion, become a most capital actor; but, if he conceives himself already at his zenith, he most certainly is so. To view him in the most advantageous light, will be to consider him in the character of Sir John Falstaff; in which he stands at present without a rival: and inferior as are his powers to a Quin, he here triumphs over the greater powers of a Garrick. This praise, however, is due to A. r. Garrick (and we would recommend the example to Mr. Henderson) he was wise enough in this instance to remember Horace's advice, *Quid valeant humeri*. Our professed play-house Critics are yet divided in their opinions of Mr. H's merit in this part: as they have done us publicly the honour also of acknowledging we know something of the matter, we shall speak our sentiments freely on the subject. It were needless to observe that Mr. H. as well as Mr. G. wants figure for the part. But Mr. G. was sagacious enough to know that, though bulk of body might be supplied by a stuffed doublet, there are other properties usually attendant on real corpulency, such as large lungs, a hollow chest, and a reverberation, if we may venture so to speak,

speak, even from the abdomen, that gives a force and tone to the voice, even in the decrepitude of age, that cannot by any artifice be well counterfeited. Mr. G. therefore prudently declined the part; and this was the more prudent in him, as the stage was in possession of a Quin. The merit of the actor, who, without possessing the above requisite, by nature, can do it even tolerably, is very great: and this merit has Mr. Henderson. We wish, however, to ease him of part of the burden he now bears, as being greater than he has any occasion for. Falstaff, though a fat man, was by no means such a monster of obesity as he is usually represented on the stage. His companions, indeed, having no other way to retaliate his sarcasms, attempt to be witty on him by exaggerating his corpulency. Into this, however, as into almost every other, Falstaff facetiously gives himself; being as well pleased to make a jest of his own faults and infirmities as of those of others—Is it possible otherwise to reconcile his description of himself, as wanting levers to lift him up again being down, at a time, when he is said seriously by the Prince of Wales, to be capable of running and carrying his guts away nimbly?—The Prince, indeed, calls him elsewhere, and that rather seriously, *well-sack*, and plays upon him frequently in jest with the like exaggeration; but even Falstaff himself, while he is lamenting the disadvantages of his bulk, confesses he should not be a mountain of mummy, till he should be enormously swollen. It is by no means necessary therefore, for Mr. H. to stuff his doublet out of all proportion to his natural size and figure, in order to personate Sir John Falstaff. This is the more unnecessarily out of character as Mr. H. is possessed of all that spirit and activity (we had almost said agility) so necessary to render its representation pleasing. Most of the actors, we have seen in this part, seem to have thought it sufficient that they had made themselves so unwieldy as to be scarce able to move; as if they conceived fat to be as heavy as lead, or were determined to make it appear so. Not so Sir John; he knew “he needed no more weight than his own bowels,” and therefore “prayed heaven to keep lead out of him.” Most of his representations, on the other hand, put us in mind of the artificial cocks, thrown at by boys on Shrove-tuesdays, their backs being stuffed with wool, and their bellies loaded with lead. As to the tone of voice, the rebuke of the Lord Chief Justice, in the second part of Henry IV. may countenance Mr. H’s affecting the feeble, trembling tone, and squeaking treble, which he so much affects; but, setting aside the consideration, that the three plays of Shakespeare represent this character at different times of life, we conceive that the actor, will find his account in

aiming

aiming at the fuller tone, which may be gained in a great measure by practice. As to the general conception of the character, Mr. H. does not, in our idea, come up to it. He makes Falstaff frequently serious; which he never is, for a single moment; but is ever playing, even while he is moralizing, either upon himself or others. One would think, from Mr. H's peremptory manner of speaking, when Falstaff maintained that he killed Hotspur, that he actually thought he could impose on the Prince; who, he knew, had himself killed him. A preposterous conception! A joke was all that Falstaff intended, and that he knew the Prince would like the better for its extravagant imposition on others. We could point out many other passages, in which more obviously the sense of the dialogue seems to deceive this ingenious actor; for want of his sufficiently attending to the covert meaning, and to the characteristic jocularly of Falstaff; which will not permit him, even when he is most highly provoked, either to relate the cause of provocation, or to express his resentment, but in terms of the purest pleasantry. Never let Mr. H. therefore, deform his face with a frown, while playing Falstaff. As little should he distort it with the symptoms of fear, from the vulgar notion of the Knight's rank cowardice. The mummery Mr. H. practises on this score, may be well enough calculated for the entertainment of the galleries; but can only give disgust to the judicious part of the audience. Falstaff is no varolles, nor does Shakespeare ever represent him as such. He is at worst a coward on principle; knowing that "the better part of valour" is discretion." He is no braggart, except for the sake of the jest. His serious avowal is frank, neither boasting courage nor admitting the charge of cowardice. "I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather, Hal, yet, no coward." The vice of lying, indeed, is a strong insinuation that cowardice enters into the spirit of his constitution; but then even his lies are told for the sake of the jest too; while they are so loosely laid together as if he intended they should escape detection only for the moment of laughter.—But we wave this point, as it has been lately most ably debated by a very masterly critic.—Another defect, in Mr. Henderson's Falstaff, is his want of dignity of demeanour. Falstaff never forgets his personal importance, and, tho' in his convivial moments, he will permit the Prince and Poins to call him plain Jack, he is always Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to all Europe beside. This consideration should ever be present to the actor; as many of the situations, in which this character is exhibited, are so very low and ludicrous, that he would degenerate into a mere vulgar buffoon,

were

were not his dirty disasters qualified by his constantly adverting to the dignity of his person, and the importance of his rank and station.

As to the sense of the dialogue, M. H. is, for the most part, particularly happy in marking the meaning of his author: and yet, *est ubi peccat*; nor is it a wonder that a young actor should mistake passages, that have puzzled the oldest and most learned commentators. Not but that our feelings are often, in these cases, the best interpreters. We shall just mention one sentence, therefore, in which we conceive Mr. H. totally misconceives the author; and at which we somewhat wonder, as the idea so palpably counteracts the sensations, that should appear to animate the performer at the time. When the Prince of Wales, after telling Falstaff that Percy was yet alive, leaves him hastily, and with an expression of resentment, at his trifling with him about parting with his pistols; the Knight, looking after him, and admiring his ardor and impetuosity, exclaims. —“ If Percy be alive, *he'll* pierce him.—If he do come in *my* way, so; if not, and I go in his willingly, I'll give him leave to make a carbinado of me.”—Now, Mr. Henderson says, “ If Percy be alive, *I'll* pierce him, &c.” making the latter part of the sentence contradict the former: a mode of construction, which no supposed sudden recollection, or indeed any other expedient that suggests itself to us, can justify.

We have dwelled so long on this topic, partly out of complacency to our correspondents, and partly out of respect to the theatrical importance of the subject: regarding a performer, capable of doing justice to the part of Falstaff, as one of the greatest acquisitions that can be made by a theatre. We should be glad, therefore, to be in anywise instrumental to the improvement of those abilities, which Mr. H. at present possesses, and which in time may enable him to give the true colouring to those well-traced outlines he already exhibits, of this inimitable portrait. We are not to learn that Mr. Garrick has taken every opportunity to decry this character, as by no means calculated for modern entertainment. We can very rationally impute this, however, to the regret that performer long since felt, at, perhaps, the only instance of Mr. Quin's superiority in his profession. An instance the more singularly unlucky to so devout an adorer of our idol, Shakespeare, as it is universally allowed, by the best judges, to be the master-piece of that great poet: so that, had nature bestowed on Mr. G. the requisite abilities to have performed the part, he would have reaped more reputation from playing the character of Sir John Falstaff, than from the performance of any, or all the other characters he has played, put together.